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To
HENRY BLACKBURN

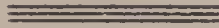
As a tribute of respect for his worth and
poetic taste this volume is inscribed by his
humble and admiring friend,

THE AUTHOR



G. W. Seeverg.

Poems of a Pioneer



Comprising Songs, Soliloquies,
Epigrams, Epitaphs, Fables, etc.

BY

GEORGE W. SEEVERS



Times-Globe  Oskaloosa, Ia.

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Note: The following was written by Mr. Seevers and left with the manuscript of his poems with the request that in case any of them should ever be published in book form, this should appear as an introduction to them:

FOREWORD

Reader, before you peruse the poems contained in this little volume, I wish to impress upon your mind the fact that the author makes no pertentions to classical erudition. He spent his youth in a new and wild portion of Ohio, under circumstances which gave him far more ample facilities for learning to grub out trees and pile and burn logs, than to advance in educational attainments. And soon after he became his own man he immigrated to the territory of Iowa and took a claim in her wild, untrodden solitudes.

Here it was, amid the toil and privations consequent upon the settling and improving of a new country, and where hardships and Indians were much more abundant than leisure and books, that these poems were chiefly written; which renders it unnecessary to offer any other apology for their rusticity; for every reader will readily admit that no one under such circumstances could ever attain to being an erudite author.

The above statements are made that the reader may peruse the following poems under a correct impression in regard to the author's facilities for writing, and that the learned and honorable critic may be forbearing in his strictures. As to the dishon-

orable critic who finds fault for no better purpose than merely to gratify an envious, fault-finding disposition, I have only to say that I do not expect to “gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles.”

But a word to those readers who may feel disposed to harshly criticise the author for expressing opinions in his poems differing from the views which they entertain. To you, gentlemen, he has only this to say—that he will make a child’s bargain with you, and will cease differing from you in opinion if you will cease differing from him—provided you will cease first. And if your conscience will not permit you to accede to this proposition, he will then agree that his opinions shall not differ a whit more from yours than yours do from his, and thus you will have no more reason to criticise him than he will have to criticise you. Then if we each possess the proper spirit of manhood and toleration, you will cordially strike hands with the author and “agree to disagree” without letting your bigotry get the upper hand of your reason and prompt you to indulge in intolerant criticism.

But here it may be well to mention that there are opinions expressed in some of the following poems which do not agree with the author’s present views. I would be ashamed to have it otherwise, for he who is always of the same opinion, from

childhood to old age, must necessarily die in childish ignorance, as it is just as impossible to progress in knowledge and truth without changing opinion, as it is to climb to the top of a mountain without leaving the valley. Change of opinion is the inevitable result of progress in knowledge. For this reason some of the following poems do not accord with the author's mind at the present time. And some of them are not as well composed as he could now compose them. Nevertheless, they may serve to interest or amuse you, reader, in an idle hour, and as the author is desirous of adding his mite to the measure of human happiness, he cheerfully submits them to the reading public.

THE AUTHOR.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

George W. Seevers, the author of these poems, was born in Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1819. Soon after this his father moved some seventy or eighty miles west into Coshocton County, then a timbered wilderness, and began clearing up a farm. Here he remained, assisting his father, and with very limited opportunities for acquiring an education, until he was twenty-three years of age. At that time, lured by the stories of the fertile prairies of Iowa, and with a desire to escape from his prison in the woods and to do something for himself, he started for what then seemed the far west with but a few dollars and fewer friends. In 1842 he reached Iowa and on May 1, 1843, he staked his claim adjoining where the city of Oskaloosa was later located. In 1847 he returned to Ohio and married Mary Wheeler, the sweetheart he had left behind when he came west, and brought her with him to the cozy log cabin which he had prepared for her as their new home. Here they lived and labored happily and hard together, opening up their farm, until 1864 when they sold it and moving to Winterset, about ninety miles farther west he purchased a farm. In 1880 they sold this farm and moved to Bates county, Missouri, not far south of Kansas City. There they remained until 1890 when they sold again and moved to Orland, California, where he died July 31, 1897, his faithful wife having died March 7, 1892.

During these years of pioneer struggling they reared a family of eight children to honorable maturity, six of whom are still living and revere the memory of their struggling and indulgent pioneer parents.

As a mere boy in the woods of Ohio he was moved by the spirit of the muse and commenced writing verse and during his life of struggles wrote several times the amount contained in this little volume, from among which these verses have been taken at random. His first verses which have been preserved "On The Death Of A Pet Squirrel" and "The Epitaph" appear in this volume.

His whole life was one of struggle and kindness, and may be summed up in lines of one of his poems:

"Do all the good you can
And as little harm as may be."

I have written the above sketch of my uncle's life because of my familiarity with the facts stated, and a desire to preserve at least some of the work which he accomplished under a life-long burden of trials and privations.

BYRON V. SEEVERS.

THE MUSE

She must exist and richly fill
The writers soul with inspiration,
Ere he can drive the poets quill,
Whate'er may be his education.

No museless wight can e'er bestride,
By dint of lore the wild Pegasus,
And like a Burns or Byron ride
The giddy steeps of high Parnassus.

Poetic skill can ne'er be taught,
It is a boon by nature given,
Which neither can be sold nor bought,
Nor had, save by the will of heaven.

MY POEMS

My poems are my pets, and I
Would like quite well before I die,
To see them doing for themselves,
In book form on the public shelves,
That they might have a proper show
In fields of fame to hoe their row,
Or set their sails to catch the breeze,
And float on fames immortal seas.
If then they can't surmount the waves
Just let them find lethean graves,
And rest in everlasting sleep,
Beneath Oblivion's gloomy deep.

GOD

God is Love and God is Wisdom,
God is Life and God is Light;
God is Knowledge, God is Goodness,
Motion, Matter, Mind and Might.

God is raining, God is snowing,
God is here and God is there;
God is every breeze that's blowing,
Everything and everywhere.

God is Future, Past and Present;
Sphered in one eternal Now;
God is Nature's Base and Apex,
Mind's great Why and Matter's How.

God is Truth's eternal Progress,
God is Instinct, God is Art;
God is Father, God is Mother,
God is Head and God is Heart.

God is Time and Change eternal,
God is Heat and God is Cold;
God is Sovereignty supernal,
God is more than can be told.

God is Lightning, God is Thunder,
God is Sense and God is Sound;
God is man's eternal Wonder,
Wheresoever man is found.

God is Spirit and Creation
Is His form and outward part;
Countless worlds in their rotation,
Are pulsations of His heart.

God is, then, the great Allbeing,
In whom all things live and move;
All uniting and agreeing,
In declaring "God is Love."

A DREAM

I dreamed

The moon hung high above my head,
And softly fell the light she shed,
On snowy peaks by nature thrown
Around me, as I stood alone
Upon the loftiest peak that rears
Along the high Peruvian Chain,
And like a pyramid appears
The sailors on the Western main.
And far beneath, I dreamed there lay
Green vales of summer, and away
Towards the West I saw the bright
Pacific waves, 'alive with light;'
As if the moon had burst in twain,
And half had fallen on the main,
In one broad blaze, so clear and bright
The ocean could not quench its light;

Nor space so great e'er lay between,
But that its light could still be seen.
And while I stood upon that height,
That soft and silent moonlight night,
I dreamed I made the sweetest song
That ever fell from mortal tongue;
And heard the glens beneath me, long
Re-echo every word I sung;
And O, thought I, how sweet—O bliss!—
To stand above the world so high,
And sing so sweet a song as this,
And hear the hollow glens reply.
I paused to listen, and I heard,
In rocky dells and caverns deep,
My song repeated, word for word,
Till echo sang herself asleep.
And while I stood to ruminare,
I idly turned mine eyes about,—
And far towards Magellan's strait
I saw volcanic flames break out;
And O, how bright and high they broke,
Among the silent fields of air,
While clouds of heavy rolling smoke,
At times half hid their brilliant glare,—
But here I woke, and found my head
Low lying on my humble bed,
Within these lowly cottage walls,
Where now your Psuedo Poet scrawls;
Far, far from Ande's peaks of snow,
That cast their shadows many miles,
While Phoebus sinks in splendor, low,
Among the oceanic Isles.

ANOTHER JOHN ANDERSON

“John Anderson, my Jo, John,”
I weel remember yet,
That time sae lang ago, John,
The day when first we met;
It was a bonnie day, John,
Within the month o’ June,
When lambkins a’ were playing, John,
Alang the banks o’ Doon.

Since then we’ve seen a few, John,
O’ earthly ups and downs,
And had nae scanty view, John,
O’ fortune’s smiles and frowns;
But when misfortunes came, John,
Each bore a part, you know,
And thus we made the load mair light,
“John Anderson, My Jo.”

And now that we hae grown, John,
Na rich, but well-to-do,
Na king upon his throne, John,
Mair blest than I and you;
For we hae gear enough, John,
To last us till we go
To where there are nae rich nor poor,
“John Anderson, My Jo.”

And when to that blest world, John,
By death we’re ta’en away,

We'll leave nae wealth behind, John
To mak us wish to stay; —
But a' the wish we'll hae, John
Will be that neither go
To leave the ithers lang behind,
"John Anderson, My Jo."

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When in that hame on high,
We meet to part nae mair, John,
Nae mair again to die,
What pleasure will it gie, John
"Still hand in hand to go"
Through a' the flow'ry walks above,
"John Anderson, My Jo."

NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD

What were all Nature but a boundless blank,
An inert universe of barren death,
If not incited by the great First Cause,
Who gives life, motion, beatitude and breath

To all existences and forms of things,
From smallest atoms to the boundless Whole—
From e'en the cricket which at evening sings,
To stars and planets that majestic roll.

Yea, what were Matter, if its spirit, God,
Should leave it lifeless and withdraw thro' space?

A silent corpse, a cold, chaotic clod,
Slumb'ring in all-including night's embrace.

No bird, nor cricket, would have life to hop,
Or chirp, or warble through the grass or trees;
All sound and motion would completely stop,
Nor aspen leaf be stirred by slightest breeze.

Man has not language to correctly paint
The silent, sombre, universal pall,
Which would enshroud all Nature as a corpse;
For death and darkness would be "all in all."

But, as it is, what an expressive voice
Throughout all Nature speaks in tones of love,
And says, O, man, cease doubting and rejoice;
There is a God, in whom you live and move:

And whose strong will holds all in order grand,
Whose thoughts give motion to the boundless
whole,
And move all Nature as I move my hand,
And bid the planets in their orbits roll.

Canst thou not hear, O, unobserving man!
God's voice of thunder round the welkin go,
When with a lightning-tongue he speaks, and tells
His boundless power to the plains below?

And hear'st thou not his gentle tones of love
Flow through the medium of the babbling brook,
And through the birdlets in the shady grove?
Where man may learn from Nature's living book.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

There are no dead; the lost and gone
From earthly sight, are living on;
And truthfully it may be said,
In strictest sense, there are no dead.

None ever died nor never will;
The so called dead are living still;
What seems a death to those on earth,
To Heaven-born souls seems but a birth.

And thus, Immortal Man! 'tis plain
How 'tis "ye must be born again;"
And how a "second birth" can be
In store for all humanity.

Man's earthly form must fade and fall,
But he, himself, dies not at all;
And hence it truly may be said
There are no dead, there are no dead.

YE BLESSED LITTLE CRICKETS

Ye blessed little crickets
That are singing all around,
You bring to me emotions
That are pensive and profound.

Your busy, little voices
With their melancholy cheer,
Make music for the poet,
In the autumn of the year.

While others, less poetic,
All unheeding you will pass,
And never hear the music
You are making in the grass.

How dull and unobserving
Are the masses of mankind;
To the sweet appeals of Nature
They are deaf and dumb and blind.

But the fond and loving Poet
With his heart so pure and warm
Is in rapport with sweet Nature
And enjoys her every charm.

POETS

Lord Byron and Burns were the fullest of feeling,
And Moore the most beautiful, Pope most correct,
And Homer in eloquent thunder most pealing,
Thus each in his way wrote with wondrous effect.

And thus you will find it with all our great writers,
They're all best in some things, yet none in all best;

Therefore I shall venture 'mong modern inditers,
To sign my productions

The Bard of the West.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING

O, balmy, soft, and welcome spring!
Thou art a most delightful thing!
For then the sweet, wild birdies sing
On bush and tree,
Making the fresh, green woodland ring
With joyous glee.

Well I remember when a boy
How I the springtime did enjoy,
'Twas pleasure then without alloy,
To listen long,
And hear the mocking-bird employ
Her time in song.

“O, enviable early days!”
What joys are in thy walks and ways,
When spring-time scenes and sports and plays
 Make life so dear;
O, how I love to sing thy praise,
 Spring-of-the-year!

Spring-of-the-year! Spring-of-the-year!
To me thy lovely scenes are dear;
So sweet thy op'ning flow'rs appear
 And woodlands green,
They fill my soul with joy sincere,
 And thoughts serene.

O, fresh, green, flow'ring, welcome spring!
Accept the tribute thus I bring,
As I thy praises warmly sing,
 With heart sincere,
Thou sweet, enchanting, beauteous thing,
 Spring-of-the-year!

Beautiful season! I would fain
Invoke the muse, in sweetest strain,
And in her most exalted vein,
 To softly sing,
And fitly praise thy queenly reign,
 Beautiful, spring!

THE MAID'S LAMENTATION

As wandering forth of an autumnal morning,
Inhaling the fresh and salubrious air
I heard the lone weeping of one that was mourning
In bitterest anguish and deepest despair.

And, turning me round the poor wretch to discover,
A female I saw with an infant at breast,
Lamenting a faithless and false-hearted lover,
Who'd left her distracted and deeply distressed.

"O, Heaven!" she cried, has he left me forever!
And shall I ne'er see him again ere I die!
O, will he return to his Isabel never!
And could he so basely, maliciously lie!

He swore by the moon and the bright stars above
her,
In seemingly softness and trueness of heart,
That long as he lived he would still be my lover,
And never should leave me till death bid us part.

But Oh! he is false and has left me forever;
Distracted and crazy to wander abroad
And mourn a deceitful and false-hearted lover,
Till sorrow shall lay me beneath the cold sod.

"O, Death!" she exclaimed, I could fearlessly greet
thee,
But here is my infant—poor innocent child!

For his sake, alone, would I shudder to meet thee,
And by him alone are my sorrows beguiled.

His dear little smile bids me think I am happy,
And makes even sorrow seem mingled with joy,
But ah! his unfeeling and false-hearted papa
Has doomed him a poor illegitimate boy.

And who would watch o'er him were I laid in
ashes?
And who would support him and raise him
aright?
And who keep him warm when the bitter storm
clashes
Around the low dwelling the long winter night?

She uttered no more, but in silence departed;
I pitied her fate and partook of her grief;
I wept in my soul for the poor broken-hearted,
And sighed for the power to yield her relief.

A SCRAP

The definition of a word,
I know may widely wander;
But who would think that wolverine
Could mean a Michigander?

THE DELICATE DISASTER

One day as Tood, the finespun dude,
Went gaily down the walk, boys,
Quite proud to beau Miss Flo Munroe,
With taffy kind of talk, boys.

Some orange peel beneath his heel
Taught Toody how to sprawl, boys,
And lay at sweet Miss Flora's feet,
Brand new plug hat and all, boys.

Miss Flora's toes caught in his clothes,
And none need think it queer, boys,
If in that town dry goods went down,
Along with lager beer, boys.

'Twas even so for Miss Munroe,
Went heels clear over head, boys,
Which did expose her pretty hose,
All striped blue and red, boys.

What else occurred I never heard,
But reason might suppose, boys,
That all that shout from boys rang out,
Meant more than pretty hose boys.

THE DARKIE'S JUBILEE

De massas all look bery grum;
De darkies all am free;
Dis am de day de "Kingdom come,"
"De year ob Jubilee!"
Dis day ole massa Abraham,
No matter who say no,
Hab gib de word ob Uncle Sam
Dat all de slaves may go.

Chorus.

Den ring de bell, and blow de horn,
And bang de ole tin pail,
And rouse de echos ob de morn
'Till joy goes on de gale!

De darky now can own he sef,
No odds what massa say;
Fus ting he know de darky lef,
Unless he gibs him pay.
De darkies steer toward de place
Whaw Linkin gun-boats lay;
And massa he gib up de chase—
He darsent come dat way.

Chorus.

Den ring de bell, and blow de horn,
And bang de ole tin pail,
And rouse de echos ob de morn
'Till joy goes on de gale!

MY COMPLIMENTS

Miss Ida Crume,
May I presume
My compliments to send you,
And hope and pray
That day by day
Good fortune may attend you.

No time to write,
And so good-night,
Miss Ida for the present;
I make no claim,
And only aim
To make your life more pleasant.

OSKALOOSA! OSKALOOSA!

Oskaloosa! Oskaloosa!
What a beautiful name!
Who'd have thought a wee papoose
Ever bore the same

Once it was an Indian baby;
Then a chieftain's mate;
Now a city; next it may be
Capitol of State.

'Tis a name of progress fairly;
And the poet's song,
Is in droll effusions rarely
Helping it along.

Go ahead, fair Oskaloosa!
Great and growing name!
Who'd have thought a wee papoose
Ever bore the same?

THE WHIPPOOR-WILL

(Written on the banks of Mudlick run in Ohio,
June 1840.)

The sun is hid behind the hill,
And every woodland leaf is still;
The moon is glittering in the rill
Beneath my feet;
I hear the lonely whippoor-Will
Her song repeat.

And O, how can I help but rhyme?
This hour is the accepted time,
The scenes around are so sublime
I can't refuse;
It certainly would be a crime
To check my muse.

O, whistle on thou whippoor-will,
And let thy song the woodland fill;
The notes that warble from thy bill
Are wild and sweet,
And mingle with the gurgling rill
Beneath my feet.

O, whistle on thou lonely bird,
Thy evenng tale is not unheard
By me thy mellow song's preferred,
 At this still hour;
When not a leaf or twig is stirred,
 By wind or shower.

O, whistle on, O, whistle on,
Thou little bird till day shall dawn;
Then o'er the dripping, dewy lawn,
 To woodlands fly;
And set thee there some twig upon,
 And close thine eye.

And slumber there in sweet repose,
Unseen, unheard of by thy foes,
Until the summer's day shall close
 And waken thee;
Then come again where Mudlick flows,
 And sing for me.

BEAUTY AND THE BALLOT

When beauty of feature and beauty of stature,
And beauty of character all are combined
In one lovely woman, his heart is inhuman
Who does not adore her, unless he is blind.

Then who but a demon could say to that woman,
While stiffly he stands by her side like a goat;
“Fond creature you’re fervent and make a good
servant,
But Madam, we cannot permit you to vote.

And how can our nation claim good legislation,
Or boast of a government worthy and wise,
While statutes inhuman are robbing dear woman
Of liberty’s safeguard, the right of franchise.

Oh! proud legislators, ye lordly dictators!
Who gave you the right to make woman your slave,
Without any voice in expressing her choice
In the rulers who dig her political grave?

Such right was ne’er given nor sanctioned by
Heaven;
You meanly usurped it and hold it by might;

And, tyrants, each hour you wield such a power,
You wield it unjustly, in equity's spite.

Ye lordly law-makers; you're worse than law break-
ers,

For laws void of justice deserve to be broke,
When rulers inhuman oppress lovely woman
With tyranny's galling political yoke.

No representation, with galling taxation,
Once drove our forefathers their rights to declare;
But when they obtained them, they falsely main-
tained them

By dooming poor woman the same wrongs to bear.

Grave law-making statesmen, don't think ye are
great men,

Until ye grant woman her evident rights;
And own yon big "nigger," though blacker and
bigger,

To vote is no fitter than are lady whites.

KEEPING COOL

There is a coolness that defies
The strongest wrath that can arise;
So, when along life's rugged path
You meet with men, in burning wrath,
Forever let it be your rule
To melt them down by keeping cool.

I've tried it and can well attest,
That of all plans it is the best,
For softening down the angry mind
To thoughts and feelings good and kind;
The angry wise man and the fool,
Can both be calmed by keeping cool.

Such are the laws that govern mind,
That if we try it we shall find
The maddest man that ever raved,
Can be subdued and kindly saved
From deeds of rashness or misrule,
By those he's mad at keeping cool.

Take this advice, then if you can;
Whenever with an angry man
You have to deal in self-defense,
Be this your motto ever hence;
Be sure you're right, let reason rule
And calm your foe by keeping cool.

BITING FISH AND TIPPLING MEN

A little school of fish, one day,
Were swimming in the brook,
Just where a lazy fisherman
Let down his baited hook.

The pretty fish, unconscious quite
Of what would be their fate,
And eager to obtain a bite,
Came darting round the bait.

And many a nib'ling taste they took,
And many a fellow rose
High flound'ring on the horrid hook,
Before their very nose.

And thus this lazy fisherman
Sat bobbing all the day,
Still baiting the unwary fish,
And making them his prey.

How strange that these poor silly fish,
Who saw their fellows' fate,
Would not be warned by what they saw
To shun the deadly bait.

But stranger far it is, that man,
With reas'ning pow'rs can look,
And see his fellows caught, and yet
Not learn to shun the hook.

No doubt each silly fish still thought,
While swimming in the brook,
That he could bite, yet not be caught
Upon the horrid hook.

Just so poor, silly tipplers think—
'Tis all the sense they've got—
That they still now and then can drink,
Yet ne'er become a sot.

O, tippling youths! why will you not,
Before it is too late,
Be warned by the inebriate's lot,
To shun the deadly bait?

THE THRIFTY FARMER'S SONG

Cold winter draws near,
But I care not for that;
My potatoes are dug,
And my hogs are all fat;
My wood is all up,
And my apples are in,
And my wheat's in the barn,
And my corn's in the bin;

My hay's in the mow,
And my horses below,
And I've nothing to fear
From the frost or the snow;
I'm ready, cold winter,
So come when you please,
And let down your white sheet
O'er the hills and the trees.

Blow, blow, howling boreas,
Wild o'er the hills,
And pile up the snow drifts,
And freeze up the rills;
I care not how rudely
You rave through the trees;
I am ready, cold winter,
So come when you please.

The poor may all tremble,
The shiftless all fear,
And dread dreary winter's
Cold stormy career;
But as for myself,
I can sit at my ease,
And sing winter, cold winter,
Just come when you please.

ON THE DEATH OF A PET SQUIRREL

(Written in 1835.)

Poor little thing! thy life is past.
It was thy first, and 'tis thy last;
No future life canst thou attain;
Thou'lt never, never live again.
Farewell! forever fare thee well;
These lines are all that's left to tell
That thou hast ever been, and they
On Leathe's wave may glide away
And be perchance forever lost,
On dark Oblivion's dreary coast,
They, too, may join the things like thee,
Which were but are no more to be.

THE EPITAPH

Stop, passenger and drop a tear,
Or if it suits thee laugh;
A little squirrel's buried here,
Beneath this epitaph.

It lived and died, as thou must do,
But glad am I to know,
The preachers cannot send it to
Their never-ending woe.

REMEMBER THE POOR

Remember the poor! ye miserly men,
Who hoard up your gold in a chest;
And ye who are gifted in wielding the pen,
Remember the poor and opprest!

Remember the poor; ye orators too,
Who speak and expound upon laws;
Remember the poor must depend upon you
To plead in dire Poverty's cause.

Remember the poor! ye slovenly crew,
Who waste and destroy such a deal;
Remember what yearly is wasted by you,
Would make the poor many a meal.

And ye who go dressed in such elegant clothes,
And waste so much wealth in your wear;
Remember the poor in cold winter are froze,
For want of what you could well spare.

IGNORANCE AND INTELLIGENCE

O, *Ignorance!* Thou deadly bane,
And blighting curse of all mankind;
Thou monster with despotic chain
Drawn tight upon the human mind!

How suerstitious are thy slaves,
How dim are all their leading lights;
Their lives are simply living graves,
And all their days are dismal nights.

O, *Ignorance!* thou art the cause
Of many an ugly, evil deed;
And thy rude hand writes many a clause
In many a dark and dismal creed.

Go where we may o'er land and sea,
We find thy ugly footprints there;
And human souls enslaved by thee,
Alas, are met with everywhere.

Thy kingdom's wide, thy subjects true,
Thy stubborn rule almost supreme,
And woe to him who dares to do
Contrary to thy selfish scheme.

Thou are a bigot, and a fool,
And lame, and deaf, and sadly blind;
Yet thou are king of earth, and rule
The greater part of all mankind.

O, *Ignorance!* despotic King!

When shall thy gloomy reign be o'er?
When shall mankind be suffering
Beneath thy cruel rod no more?

Intelligence! thou life and light

Of all that's good, and great, and true,
When wilt thou come with heavenly might
And *Ignorance* on earth sudbue?

When shall thy peaceful reign begin,
Sweet Gardian Angel from above!—
Commissioned to destroy all sin,
And plant the heaven-born Tree of Love.

Alas, that dear millennial day
On earth can never, never dawn,
Till *pride*, and *hate*, and *selfishness*
Are from all hearts dispelled and gone.

If such a time shall ever come
I do not know, and can not say;
But for such dear millennium
Let's ever work, and hope, and pray.

Yea, let us work, and hope, and pray,
And strive that glorious day to bring,
When *Ignorance* shall pass away,
And *Intelligence* become our king.

PENSIVE COGITATIONS

When friends are sundered far apart,
No thought is sadder to the heart,
Or brings a deeper mental pain,
Than that they ne'er shall meet again.

Ah, me! this is a world of woe;
And life is often, here below,
A weary waste of care and pain,
Where parted friends ne'er meet again.

O, cruel Fate! why is it thus?
Why art thou ever robbing us
Of dearest friends; and leaving those
Who punch our ribs and tramp our toes?

Alas! how vain to hope for bliss
Were there no better world than this,
But Hope points to a brighter shore,
Where kindred spirits part no more.

And where the "loved and lost" are found,
And funeral bells may never sound;
But all may sing the sweet refrain
Of no more death, and no more pain.

O, if there is such world as this,
'Tis not in vain we hope for bliss;
But if no future life shall be,
God pity poor Humanity!

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Dear lassie, keep this book with care,
Till you are old like me;
Then read these lines and wonder where
The writer then may be.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SCRAP

Miss Vernie Bard.
My kind regard,
With great respect I send you;
And though for fun
It may be done,
I hope 'twill not offend you.

WE ONCE WERE BOYS TOGETHER, JOHN.

We once were boys together, John,
But now we're old and gray;
Our life's bright Springtime weather, John,
Has long since passed away;
'Tis now life's cold December, John,
Our heads are frosted o'er,
Yet fondly I remember, John,
Those joyous days of yore.

We once were boys together, John,
And merry lads were we;
Each heart was like a feather, John,
Each bosom full of glee;
And many a playful gambol, John,
Enhanced our youthful joys;
And many a social ramble, John,
We took when we were boys.

Our hearts were full of fancies, John,
Of castles built in air;
With sports and wild romances, John,
We drove away dull care.
And life was then a blessing, John,
A real boon of worth,
A treasure worth possessing, John,
The brightest thing on earth.

But age has now bereft us, John,
Of all those youthful joys;
And many a hope has left us, John,
Since you and I were boys;
The last fond hope now given, John,
To gild life's parting shore,
Is hope to meet in Heaven, John,
Where age shall come no more.

OUR DEBT-CURSED LAND

“Money to loan and farms to rent,
Gives no uncertain sound;”
It means that those who till the soil
Will soon in chains be bound.

It means that thousands soon will be
By mortgage so oppressed,
That they’ll become poor tenants on
The homes they once possessed.

It means that cunning usurers
Are gobbling up the soil;
And dooming those who owned it once
To poverty and toil.

“Money to loan and farms to rent;”
Alas! that slogan wild,
Means want and woe and wretchedness
For many a starving child!

It means another Ireland
In this dear land of ours;
It means the masses crushed beneath
The feet of moneyed powers.

It means a land of tramps and slaves,
Where millions starve and freeze,
While lordly drones, and wealthy knaves,
Have plenty, pomp and ease.

It means if things are not reversed
And juster statutes planned,
And better rulers placed in charge,
Woe to our debt-cursed land!

“Money to loan, and farms to rent,”
If all it means be told,
Means nothing less than government
By millionaires controlled.

And if old parties still are kept
In power, mark my words,
Our land will soon become a land
Of slaves and money-lords.

Arouse, my fellow countrymen!
And join that noble band,
Who hope by patriotic votes
To save our native land.

MY IDEA OF SPACE

Written in 1837.

Could I but build a great balloon
That ne'er would stop or tire;
And soar beyond the distant moon,
Still higher and still higher.

I still might soar for months and years
If I should so desire,
And still find new and shining spheres,
All' round me to admire.

Bright suns alternate shining clear,
Would light me on through space;
Perhaps some shining on my rear
And others in my face.

And could I still without a bend,
Keep flying on forever;
My idea is, I'd find no end
To boundless space—no never.

AUTUMN

O, Autumn! Sweet Autumn! my favorite season!
Once more I am happy to welcome thee here;
I love thee sincerely, and not without reason,
Thou bringest me health, of all boons the most
dear.

Besides thou dost fetch me the scenes I delight in,
Sweet Indian Summer, with soft smoky nights,
Fruits, nuts, falling leaves and the woods that I
write in,
And writing is one of my chiefest delights.

O, welcome, soft season, all silent and sober ;
I wish in my heart thou couldst last all the year,
In thee I was born, on the fourth of October ;
Thou gavest me life and I hold thee as dear.

Gay Spring can delight me, when flowers are
springing,
To stray o'er the fields, and the woods to explore,
Where streamlets are flowing and wild birds are
singing,
But Autumn has scenes that delight me still more

The orchard. all loaded, the fall breezes blowing,
The forests all yellow, their grapes hanging blue,
Their chestnuts all falling, their foliage all strow-
ing,
And chipmonks all singing the woodlands all
through.

These are the scenes I could dwell in forever,
And ask for no happier Heaven than earth,
If only sweet Indian Summer would never
Give place to the cold howling storms of the
north.

EVIL MATCHES

How many souls—alas! alas!
That e'er such things should come to pass,
Do marry wrong, and thus begin
A life of discord, woe and sin.
And with what truth might we remark,
That man is deeply in the dark,
And needs a vast amount of light
To teach him how to marry right.
Until this truth is understood,
The world will ne'er be wise nor good;
For here the great foundation lies
Of making man both good and wise,
No match of discord ever can,
Or ever did since time began,
In any age, or anywhere,
Produce a pure, harmonious heir.
No Jesus Christ can ever be
The offspring of inharmony.
And never can the world be saved
From being sinful and depraved,
Until man learns the needful thing,
Of wisely, rightly marrying.
For here is where we must begin,
If we would save the world from sin.
The greatest savior man shall know,
To save the race from sin and woe,
Will be the long, much needed light
That teaches him to marry right.
Alas! alas! 'tis all in vain,
To cry "ye must be born again."
Far better it would be, indeed,

For men to preach the stubborn need
Of being rightly born at first,
Instead of being deeply cursed
With evil tendencies of soul,
O'er which they have not full control.
And oh, how oft is this their fate,
Whose parents do not rightly mate;
For in such instances as these,
Discord, depravity, disease,
And passions even fiends might loathe,
In soul or body, one or both,
Are deeply planted, there to dwell,
Despite the threats of endless hell,
On which our priests in vain depend
To bring transgression to an end.
Who understand great Nature's laws,
Will see and know that first the cause
Must be removed, 'ere we expect
To see no more of the effect.
Then go ye forth thro' every land,
And teach mankind to understand
The laws of matrimonial life;
That every swain may choose his wife,
With knowledge that will quite insure
The future generations pure—
Teach man to know that there must be
A temperamental harmony,
In married life, 'twixt every twain,
'Ere man may hope, nor hope in vain,
To see that pure millennial day,
When evil shall have passed away. M.

THE MOUNT OF PROGRESSION

Progression is a mount,
Whose summit never can
Through endless time be reached
By slowly plodding man

Yet from the mountain's base,
See trudging man arise,
As if he hoped to trace,
Its apex in the skies.

Slow up the mountain side,
In fancy see him climb,
And strain with heav'nward stride
To gain its top sublime.

But lo, as up he goes,
Still upward move the skies,
The mount still higher grows,
And peaks on peaks arise.

Each Alpine summit gained,
Shows still some loftier height;
And views are now obtained,
Which once were out of sight.

Lo, how their rising steeps,
 In awful grandeur frown;
And hill o'er hill still peeps,
 And height on height looks down.

And see each trudging soul,
 Still up those heights ascend;
Yet gain no final goal,
 To progress find no end.

Thus see, with fancy's eye,
 How up, still up they go;
Till things they once thought high,
 Look small and far below.

While on, still on arise,
 The sunlit peaks sublime,
That lift the arching skies,
 As up, still up they climb.

So all the human race,
 Moves up this mountain high,
Some climbing at the base,
 Some far toward the sky.

Thus on this mountain view,
 They all still upward trod;
Toward, yet never to
 The excellence of God.

EPITAPH ON DEWEY WHEELER

Here lies in earth between two stones,
Poor Dewey Wheeler's wornout bones.
Come, honest men, with heavy groans,
 Lament and grieve;
And all ye birds with solemn tones,
 Cry o'er his grave.
For Wheeler was an honest man,
Who laid in honor every plan,
And left untouched each vice that ran,
 In folly's train;
But oh! he's gone and never can
 Return again.

Per Contra.

The news is false, our friend's alive,
And able yet to plow and drive;
Ho, every one, let's cease to grieve,
 And dry our tears;
Our honest friend may yet survive,
 For many years.

IN MINNIE FOSTER'S ALBUM

These lines I leave recorded here,
That friends who read them may,
In social fancy draw me near,
When I am far away.

And when I'm gone, O, Minnie, dear,
And these poor lines you see,
Remember he who penned them here
Had kindly thoughts for thee.

And when from earth I'm called to dwell
In realms of endless day,
O, may this poor memento tell
Of him that's far away.

And, Minnie, should we never meet,
While here on earth we stay,
God grant that we may kindly greet
Within the "Milky Way."

PRAYER

Don't think that God is deaf,
Or dull of apprehension;
The prayer that's broad and brief,
Most merits His attention.

Say thou than this no less,
Nor more when prayer expressing;
"Great God, wilt thou all people bless
With every proper blessing."

Than this the wise can see,
 No more would e'er be granted;
'The good will all agree,
 No less should e'er be wanted.

Then let your prayers be brief,
 Yet wide as all creation;
Nor think that God is deaf,
 To silent supplication.

If thou art acting well,
 We'll know thou'rt nobly praying;
Because thy deeds will tell,
 Just what thy soul is saying.

Thou need'st not speak it out,
 But by thy actions show it;
And if thy heart's devout,
 Both God and man will know it.

Thy actions louder speak
 Than mere articulation,
For language is but weak,
 Compared with demonstration.

Then pray thy prayers in deeds,
 And not in exhortations;
'Tis bread the orphan needs,
 And not thy supplications.

TO WILLIAM B. FLETCHER

To you, my good old crony friend,
My best respects I humbly send,
And own I still remember thee,
And all the happy nights that we
Have spent together, 'round the hearth,
In social chat and cheerful mirth,
But ah! my friend, those nights are o'er,
And we perhaps can meet no more,
While wand'ring through this world below,
Where friends must part and sorrows grow.
But (thanks to Heaven) I firm remain,
In hope that all shall meet again,
Where sorrow, sighing, tears and pain
 Shall ne'er alloy;
But all unite in one glad strain
 Of heavenly joy!

LOVE, AND ITS MISSION

How I loved my Peggy darling,
 When I used to be her beau,
'Mong the hills of old Ohio,
 In the days of long ago.

And how plainly I discover
 That I'm still, in very truth,
Just as fondly Peggy's lover
 As in by-gone days of youth.

Tell me not that life's December
 Turns the heart of Age to snow;
Fondly do I still remember
 Her I loved long years ago.

Hate, grim foes may cease to cherish;
Youth may pass, and years may roll;
But true love can never perish,
'Tis immortal as the soul.

Once I thought love's fond emotion
Dwelt alone in youthful hearts;
Now I know that true devotion
Never from the soul departs.

True love is not evanescent,
Fading out as years go by;
'Tis the power of God, incessant,
Fitting hearts for homes on high.

Call not love "an idle passion,"
'Tis a heav'nly pow'r divine,
Working in mysterious fashion,
Hearts to soften and refine.

Loving still my Peggy darling,
Fondly as in by-gone years,
Can but make my joys diviner,
When I reach the heav'nly spheres.

Hate makes Hell, and Love makes Heaven,
In the great Omnific plan—
Wisely laid and kindly given
For the final good of Man.

O, how sacred is thy mission,
Dear, divine, immortal Love! }
Lifting souls to fit condition }
For supernal joys above.

THE FOOLISH LOVER

I sing of a lover whose love was so strong,
That nothing its ardor might cool;
And doubtless you'll think ere I've ended my song,
That his was the love of a fool.

The object he loved was a coquettish thing,
That truly loved no one, but yet
Whose eyes would still sparkle at beggar or king,
Or any one else that she met.

But Tom loved her truly, and still when they'd meet,
She'd greet him with kisses; and then
She'd knock up his trotters, and flat in the street,
She'd lay him, the scoff of all men.

Yet poor, silly Tom, was so loving and true,
He would not forsake the coquette;
No odds how she served him, or what she might do,
'Twould still be the same when they met.

And over and over she served him the same,
Till, dead to all sense of disgrace,
And lost to all shame, he clung to the dame,
E'en though she daubed mud in his face.

And lastly, 'tis said, this couple were wed,
And Tom took her home as his wife,
And kept her to hug, in the shape of a jug,
Till she deviled him out of his life.

But what seems to me most strange, is to see
How many Tom's weakness will blame,
Yet kiss the same lass, in the shape of a glass,
And yield to her witchery the same.

With eyes that can see, O how can it be
That poor, human fishes can look
And see other trout still caught and thrown out,
Yet bite at the very same hook

Believe me, young man, your only safe plan
Is neither to nibble nor bite,
But vow in your soul to touch not the bowl,
Let who will persuade or invite.

Be firm, and be wise, and learn to despise
Temptation, howe'er it may come;
Touch no kind of grog, for Satan incog
May lurk in gin, whiskey or rum.

UNBOUGHT GOODNESS

The man whose heart is good and true,
The wrong he sees will shun;
And do what conscience bids him do,
Let heaven be lost or won.

Therefore my motto e'er shall be,
My conscience be my guide,
And let thy will be done to me,
Thou God of nature wide.

INNOCENCE IS ALWAYS BLEST

Time may bring us joys and sorrows—
Fortune's tide may ebb and flow—
Dark to-days and bright to-morrows,
Clouds and sunshine come and go.

Yet, with all life's tribulation,
Frankly it must be confessed,
That, whate'er our lot or station,
Innocence is always blest.

Though our lot be e'er so lowly,
If our hearts are free from guile,
And our wishes pure and holy,
We have "aye some cause to smile."

Lo, yon inoffensive neighbor,
Innocent but poor and old;
See him tott'ring to his labor,
Day by day through heat and cold.

While without life's storms are bringing
'Round his ears horrific din,
Hear his tranquil spirit singing
Songs of Heavenly peace within.

Then behold his rich employer
Counting o'er his heaps of gold;
See him in yon artful lawyer,
Who for gain his conscience sold.

While without all warm and sunny
Seems his life, deep sense of sin,
Joined to sordid love of money,
Makes all cold and dark within.

Where a murdered conscience, springing,
Pale and ghostlike from its tomb,
Haunts his midnight pillow, bringing
Sleepless hours of guilt and gloom.

'Thus the poor but honest yeoman,
With his hard and homely fare,
May be, though a toil-worn plowman,
Happier than the millionaire.

When his daily toils are ended,
And his nightly couch is pressed,
Smiling Conscience, unoffended,
Troubles not his peaceful rest.

Calm he lies, sleeping sweetly,
Rests his weary limbs till day;
Rising then, refreshed completely,
Toil seems almost turned to play.

Thus when Fortune frowns severest,
On the poor but honest wight,
Life is oftimes sweetest, dearest,
Fullest of serene delight.

'Tis not riches—'tis not learning—
'Tis not fame that makes us blessed,
Naught can brighten life's sojourning
Like a conscience unoppressed.

THE MERRY BOY AND THE MILLIONAIRE

A millionaire once, who was learned, as he thought
(But had not learned one thing which every one
ought),

Weighed down with the care of his riches one day,
With a scowl on his brow, rode along the highway;
While near, in a meadow, a lighthearted boy,
With delight in his look, played and shouted with
joy,

The rich man was struck with the little boy's glee,
And thus to the blithe little fellow said he,
"Come hither, come hither, my brave little boy,
And tell me the secret and source of thy joy.
Why is it that thou art so joyous and gay,
And merrily whiling the moments away,
While I with much learning and riches am sad!
O, tell me the secret my brave little lad."

"The secret is simple and plain," said the boy;
"My innocent heart is the source of my joy;
My conscience is clear, and my thoughts from
guile free,
And could all say the same, they'd be happy like me.
The secret lies not in much learning nor wealth.
But heaven-blessed innocence added to health."

"If this is the secret and source of thy joy,
Then few can be happy as thou art, my boy,
Besides, little lad, thou hast brought me to see,
That though in thy rags, thou art richer than me,"
Responded the millionaire, deeply impressed,
That none but the innocent e'er can be blessed.

ETERNAL NOW.

Time, to define I scarce know how ;
It seems one vast, eternal NOW ;
A wondrous nothing with a name,
And everlastingly the same.

It was, and is, and aye shall be—
One boundless, vast eternity ;
Without beginning, without end ;
A thing that none can comprehend.

We say it comes—we say it goes—
Where from? Where to? God only knows.
However fast it flies away,
'Tis never gone, but here for aye ;
Still coming, going, rolling round—
One inconcievable, profound,
Having throughout its vast expanse
No center nor circumference.
No top, no bottom, sides, nor ends ;
Extending far as space extends ;
One vast, unbounded, deathless thing ;
Forever present, yet on wing,
To some far undiscovered shore,
Whence it returns, “ah, nevermore !”
A mystic river it appears,
Still flowing on through endless years,
To sleep within the dark “dead sea”
Of shoreless, past eternity.
The old familiar adage states
That “time and tide for no man wait ;”
Yet time **does** wait forever here,

To note what changes may appear;
And, strictly speaking, never flies,
But stands as steadfast as the skies,
Evolving all the busy wings
Of countless other flying things,
That, having lived their little day,
Bid time adieu, and pass away,
Still leaving time, with hoary brow,
To reign one vast, eternal NOW.
Butler, Mo., '87.

LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER.

There's nothing in this world of tears,
That comes from heav'n to bless the lowly,
So lovely to my mind appears
As love, itself, when pure and holy.

The highest bliss that man can know,
Or with the heart can have connection,
While walking through this world of woe,
Is holy, pure, divine affection.

It lifts the human soul above
All selfish, sensual, low conditions,
And holds it where the saints approve,
And fills it with divine fruitions.

The soul that feels this love divine,
Enjoys a bliss that's so elysian
No language can its depths define,
Or paint its pureness with precision.

The common passion of mankind
Is not the love I'm contemplating;
It is a feeling more refined,
A love more pure and elevating.

To spiritual love few men are prone;
It dwells more in the breast of woman;
But with both sexes, I must own,
This love divine is too uncommon.

If man, through evolution, sprung
From lower kingdoms of creation,
His baser passions may be sung
As relics of his derivation.

But man, I hope, will reach at last,
Through perfect love that pure condition,
When all his grossness shall have past
And left this ultimate fruition.

May heaven haste that happy day,
That most divine dissideratum,
When human hate shall die away,
And leave pure love the ultimum.

When all shall journey hand in hand,
And each to all shall be a brother,
Obeying that divine command
Of Jesus—"Love ye one another."

FAME'S INTERROGATION.

One day as old Fame was recording, 'tis said,
A list of the noted and famed;
He turned a new leaf, put his hand to his head,
And thus with emotion exclaimed.

O, Byron, Bob. Burns, little Pope and Tom Moore,
Best bards of a bard-honored age;
O, tell me Jehovah which name of the four,
Shall I put at the top of the page?

MOLL WHEELER.

A bonnie, sweet lassie was little Moll Wheeler
And "Yorick," the bard who was slender and tall,
Resolved in his heart he would buy, beg or steal her,
And make a dear wife of his sweet little Moll.

And now let me tell you they're living together,
Contented and happy, fond hearted and blest,
And walking of Sundays out o'er the green heather
Away in the realms of the beautiful west.

FAREWELL TO MY RAZOR

Farewell old sinner! you have long transgressed
The laws of Nature; but you may rest,
And be untroubled on some shelf to rust,
Where time may bury you with gath'ring dust.
Not with reluctance do I lay thee by;
There never was much love, twixt thou and I;
I always dreaded the barbaric sin
To set thee scraping round my mouth and chin.
No more thy service shall I e'er engage,
You cutthroat relic of a barb'rous age;
I'll wear my beard let who will call me goat;
Thou ne'er again shall come so near my throat.
God gave men beard for some wise end we know;
But men declared they would not let it grow,
Invented razors, and with these for swords,
Waged war with this great army of the Lord's.
But still as often as each beard was slain,
The Lord revived it and it rose again;
Whereon each heav'n insulting wight
Re-sharps his razor and renews the fight.
Such was the folly of the ages past;
But truth o'er error must triumph at last;
God's laws of Nature shall be more revered,
And men shall cease their war upon their beard.
The nineteenth century is revealing fast
The ignorant errors of the errors past;
Old creeds are crumbling, and fair Nature's light
Is faintly dawning on the human sight;
Dogmas are ceasing with their chains to bind,
And man is moving in the "march of mind."
All wrong to right must soon or late give place,

And comely beards bedeck the manly face.
Farewell keen blade of highly tempered steel!
No more my face thy fearful edge shall feel!
Superfluous thing! of misdirected art,
The polished product—thou and I must part!
I knew no better than to use thee once
To scrape my visage and deform a dunce—
For dunce I freely must confess I was,
To thus infringe great Nature's needful laws,
And of deformity what plainer case
Than a man's body with a woman's face?
But Fashion bade me, and at her command,
I took thee, razor, in my sinful hand,
Insulted Him who should alone be feared,
Waged war with Nature, and fought down my
beard.

Such was my folly in the erring past;
But Right and Reason have triumphed at last;
I'll be no more fool Fashion's humble slave;
Nor shave the beard which God in wisdom gave;
So, farewell razor! in my rustic lay,
Thou sharp old sinner, fare⁷-thee-well for aye!
Go, act the shoeknife at some cobbler's bench!
Go shave down cabbage for some negro wench!
Go, help the Indian to flay the roe,
Cut his dried venison or form his bow!
Go, serve the suicide who ends his life!
Go, gleam in squabbles of infuriate strife!
But never, never, while yon Sun doth shine!
O, never, never, by this hand of mine,
Commit thou that unpardonable sin
You once committed on my shudd'ring chin.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

"In God we trust,"
Because we must;
And yet not altogether;
We trust not God
To plow the sod,
But only for the weather.

If we would farm,
We trust our arm
To plant the corn and tend it,
And sow the grain,
But for the rain,
We trust to God to send it.

By wisdom's plan,
'Twixt God and man
The work is well divided;
All Nature through,
What man can't do,
Is still by God provided.

But all he can
Is left to man,
By labor and invention,
To bring about
The filling out
Of God's divine intention.

And it is true
That man will do
Still more and more forever,
And aye improve
In light and love
And cease progressing never.

LETTER TO BROTHER ROBERT.

Dear Brother:

All being well I take my pen
To grant the letter you request;
But what to write "I dinna ken,"
Nor how to write to please you best.
Whether you wish that I should write
In rhyme or prose I do not know,
But as it is my heart's delight,
I choose to rhyme it is I go.
But pen it in the form of prose
As did the bards in days of yore,
Before the Sapphic verse arose,
By doing which I'll get the more
Epistolary matter penned
On every page, and thus you see,
Have room to give you ere I end
A lengthy piece of poetry.
And first and foremost I must tell
That Whitmore's greyhounds are so fleet,
And know their business now so well
That every deer their eyes can meet
Might just as well begin to pray
And make its will as quick as thought,
For ere two minutes roll away
The race is over and it's caught.
And Whitmore with exulting boast,
Declares the deer cannot be found
But in six hundred yards at most
His dogs will catch in open ground.
And "Asa" you can tell our Hen
That Whitmore says he'll try and get
A job of land to survey when

The survey of the land is let,
Which now is bought but not surveyed,
And may not yet be ratified;
Though I am not the least afraid
But that it will be, though denied
By some folks, that we should expect,
The purchase to be sanctioned by
The President and wise elect
Who legislate for us; but I
Cannot be duped by every tale
That fools have started since the sale
Made by the Indians and bought
By government, and surely ought
Not go unsanctioned by that power
Which set the terms and treaty hour.
And Whitmore says if he can get
A certain portion to survey,
One Henry Seevers soon shall set
His Jacob's staff in Iowa.
And tell Jocostly that there are
More coon tracks by the little rills
About our claims, than e'er there were
Among the poor Coshocton hills;
Yea, twenty tracks for every one
He ever saw on Mudlick run.
And deer signs in abundance too,
Which my attention chiefly drew.
We also found the woods alive
With turkeys, and partook of five.
We shot three coons in open day,
Which proves them plenty, as I say.
And harmo, goodness gracious, O,
The land might well be said to flow
With milk and honey if there were

As many cows as bee trees there ;
But where we camped was in a vale
Some forty miles from a cow's tail.
Nevertheless two weeks we stayed,
And on the mother earth we laid ;
Some fourteen nights, nor roof nor bower
To shield us from the wind or shower ;
But as it was, both calm and dry,
We wished no shelter but the sky.
'Twas Indian Summer, warm and mild,
And lovely autumn sweetly smiled
Around us there, nor loved the less
For smiling in a wilderness.
But, "Asa," I must tell you now,
As near's I can just where and how
We took our claims, and how they join,
And how far from the sweet Des Moines ;
Being eight miles from its limestone trunk,
And three from the southern branch of Skunk.
Newt's, Alf's and mine, all side by side,
A thing in which we greatly pride,
And at the head of Clear Spring run,
A spot, I judge, surpassed by none
For blossoms, bees and butterflies,
And equalled but by Paradise ;
And unsurpassed by all the earth
For beauty, health and real worth,
And if I could I'd freely take
A claim full large enough to make
A decent farm for every friend
I have on eaarth, that I might spend
My life among them, for I find,
To friendship I am much inclined ;
And growing more so year by year,

As life's meridian draws more near.
But I must not forget to tell
You what I saw, my humble sel',
With my own eyes, in broad daylight,
And O, it was a splendid sight:
Two thousand Indians and more,
And every noted warrior wore
Upon his blanket painted plain,
A hand for every Sioux he'd slain.
And on the horses too they brand
The image of an open hand
For every poor, unlucky foe
His valliant owner had laid low,
To glorify the victor's name
And eternize his heathen fame.
Thus as each warrior rides you by
The horrid record strikes your eye;
Death, death is pictured to your view
Upon his horse, and fancy thinks
Each hand points to a dying Sioux,
All bleeding as in death he sinks.
But, "Asa," I have not the time,
Nor room to tell you all in rhyme,
And consequently have to drop
Each subject ere I ought to stop.
But then, I hope, that soon or late,
By chance, or all-directing fate,
That I shall see you, Doc. and Hen.
And finish out my story then.
And oh! if I could only fly,
And live as long before I die
As that strange bird that lives so long,
Then sweetly sings its funeral song,
And flaps its wings with strength that fires

Its funeral pile and then expires,
I'd see you all before I died,
And many foreign lands beside ;
Yea, yea, I'd visit many a clime,
And write my travels all in rhyme,
And gar my streams and burnies shine,
Sweet rhymin' Rab, as thou didst thine.
I feel it burning in me now ;
O heaven! grant me but the wings
And education, and I vow
My songs shall touch the inmost strings
Of every heart that hears them sung ;
And every soul that sings them o'er,
The last word dying on their tongue,
Shall sigh and fondly wish for more.
And many a heart that never felt
Through weal or woe, shall sigh and melt,
When crooning o'er some verse of mine,
As if in each euphonic line
There flowed a sweetness of such power
As earth had never known before,
Nor man had felt until the hour,
That heard him sigh and wish for more.
But, ah, it cannot, must not be,
Great lore does not exist in me,
But for the wealthy who can buy
All finely written books, while I
Must sit within the murky fog
Of ignorance, a fameless dog,
Unnoticed by the learned and great
And bound in heavy chains of fate.
O, that I had some wealthy friend,
Who would his kind assistance lend,
In getting me an ample store

Of books produced by men of lore;
For instance Pope's and Dryden's rhymes
And those of bards in ancient times,
Which now have undergone translation,
And stand in highest reputation.
But it is vain to cogitate,
On things forbidden us by fate;
So let us think on things that may,
And should be comforts every day;
And would be if our faith were right,
Great consolations day and night,
O'er life's rough roads, where e'er they bend,
And cheer us at our journey's end.
The things I mean are truths of heaven,
Which were by inspiration given
To man by the Almighty Being,
All love, omniscient and all-seeing;
Who will have all men to be saved
Whether they think themselves depraved,
Infallible or born again,
Of the elect, or lost profane.
For what if some do not believe
Their unbelief can but deceive
Themselves, and leave that truth which came
From their Creator still the same.
But, "Asa," grant me one request,
Which is to give my warm desire
To Fletcher, Doc. and all the rest
Whose hearts are warm with friendship's fire.
But I must close for want of room,
Which always seems to be my doom;
So farewell Muse, farewell my pen,
And farewell brother Bob—Amen.

A CONTRAST OF CREEDS.

What an unwelcome guest
In the sensitive breast
Is the doctrine that "death ends all;"
From the door of the heart
Nature bids it depart,
When it makes us an unwelcome call.

We instinctively start
When its chill strikes the heart;
From its cold, icy touch how we shrink;
When the earth life is o'er
That we live no more,
Is a thought that we shudder to think.

O, ye infidel men,
Let your tongue and your pen
Forbear loving bosoms to pain;
Doubt yourselves, if you must,
But let other hearts trust
They'll meet with their dear ones again,

Materialist, think,
As you stand on the brink
Of the grave. which to you is all gloom;
What a contrast there is
Between your faith and his
Who can look far beyond the dark tomb.

And behold by the light,
Of the Clairvoyant sight,
Far off in the Summer Land fair,
All the "loved and the lost,"
Who have left us and crossed
To that beautiful "home over there."

Yea in contrast compare
The cold chill of despair,
The poor doubt-stricken skeptic must feel,
With their joy who have faith
That we live after death
In the beautiful "land of the leal."

THERE IS A GOD

There is a God, my reason cries;
There is a God, my heart replies;
There is a God, the seas declare;
There is a God, cry earth and air;
There is a God—the orbs above,
Declare there is a *God of Love!*

TWO EXTREMES OF HUMAN LIFE

A fine, fat lazy gentleman,
Who lived in wealth and ease,
Sat in his door-yard shade one day
Beneath a clump of trees,
Enjoying in his rocking chair
The pleasant summer breeze.

And while he sat so pleasantly
Upon his cushioned seat,
His slaves out in the cotton field
Endured the burning heat,
And toiled beneath a tyrant's lash
Till blood ran to their feet.

A passer-by—a man of thought—
Beholding such a sight,
Exclaimed, "O, God of righteousness!
Can such extremes be right,
Should one take ease while others toil,
Because his skin is white?"

That fine, fat, lazy gentleman,
That portly human drone,
Has he more rights than other men?
Or can it e'er be shown
That one should earn another's bread,
And not each earn his own?

"And was our eyesight giv'n to see
Such Heav'n insulting sights,
Where white men boast of liberty,
And prate of human rights,
As if kind Heaven's blessings all
Were meant for none but whites?"

Thus mused this honest traveler
While trudging on his way,
As by a wealthy planter's home
He passed one summer day,
Down in that sunny land of sin.
Where tyrants hold the sway.

TO DAVID GETCHEL.

Dave Getchel, Dave Getchel,
Misfortunes may hatchel
And harass you sorely through life;
And if you have trouble,
Each care will seem double,
Unless it is shared by a wife.

But if you will marry,
Your wife will help carry
Each load and each trouble still share;
And tripping together
With hearts like a feather
You'll laugh at dull sorrow and care.

Then why do you tarry,
When girls keen to marry
Are plenty and fair as the sun;
I'm sure you have plenty
To keep at least twenty
So why be afraid of but one?

A SONG.

The fall winds blow,
And I must go,
 And bid this land adieu;
O, cruel fate,
Yet all I hate,
 My love, is leaving you.

'Tis time to start,
I must depart,
 'Tis useless to complain;
So fare you well,
My Arabell,
 Till I return again.

When far away,
Each winter day,
 Sweet girl, I'll think of thee:
And Ara, love,
My little dove,
 Wilt thou remember me?

And when at night,
Pale Luna's light
 Shines soft with silv'ry ray,
And starnies blink,
O, wilt thou think,
 Of him that's far away?

A CHURCH EXPERIENCE

At church I heard the preacher say,
"Man's finite reason leads astray;
Is carnal and delusive all;
The sceptic leads from faith to fall,
And aids the Devil in his art,
To steal the stubborn sinner's heart,"
Then reasoned long, as best he could,
To show that reason was no good;
But as I listened, all the time,
These thoughts kept coming up in rhyme:
If reason be delusive, why
Your reas'ning faculties apply
To find some reason or excuse
For reas'ning reason out of use?

THERE IS A GOD.

There is an over-ruling power,
And call it what you may,
That runs this boundless universe,
In some mysterious way.

All things are parts of one grand whole,
Existing everywhere,
And God, the all-pervading soul,
Of ocean, earth and air.

And to this omnipresent power,
'Tis right to give a name;
And call it Nature, Jove, or God,
The fact is all the same.

Then why declare there is no God,
When every person knows
There is deific power abroad,
In every breeze that blows.

Yes, Atheist, there is a God,
An all-controlling power,
That brings the grass up from the sod,
And paints the opening flower,

O, why dispute the living fact
That there must be a cause
Of all that at the present is,
Will be, or ever was?

Though men may form fictitious Gods,
Good, better, bad and worse,
They can't destroy the real God
That rules the universe.

Though fools may fight, and scholars write,
And martyrs bleed and die,
It cannot make one lie a truth.
Nor prove one truth a lie.

Four hundred human creeds, 'tis said,
Are taught, and yet when done,
There cannot more than one be true,
And may not even one.

Pedantic schools, and learned fools
May teach us thus and so;
Yet after man learns all he can,
How little does he know.

Man knows but little here below,
Nor knows that little long;
For as he learns he oft discerns
What first he learned was wrong.

But this we know, there is a power,
And call it what you may,
That rules this boundless universe,
And holds eternal sway.

NORTH RIVER

Shall Burns sing the Afton, the Doon and the Ayr,
And others less famous sing rivers less fair,
Yet thou, noble North River still glide along
Unmentioned in story, unhonored in song?

Shall landscape so lovely as seen from thy hills,
And fountains so crystal as seek thee in rills,
And prairies and woodlands so lovely as thine
Call no sweeter Muse to thy service than mine?

Thy stream winds as clear, through a valley as fair,
As either the Afton, the Doon or the Ayr,
Yet thou art unhonored, while they are renowned,
Wherever a lover of song can be found.

No wonder that murmurs come up from thy tide,
And seem all hesperian poets to chide;
Such beauty still calling, yet calling in vain,
For merited praise, has right to complain.

Sweet river, thy landscape is fair to behold,
Thy vale is so verdant, thy bluffs are so bold;
Thy woodlands abounding in cool, shady bowers;
Thy hill-points ascending in high rocky towers—

From whose lofty summits, O, is it not grand—
Thus sitting with pencil and paper in hand—
To gaze on a scene so romantic and bold
As never before was my lot to behold.

Assist me, ye Muses! O, swell your fair throats
With your sweetest, your grandest, your loftiest
notes;
I feel, but I fear I can never portray,
With justice, the grandeur of what I survey.

Far northward ascending till met by the sky,
Like uprising billows, the prairie lands lie,
With here and there visible over the swells
A farm indicating where somebody dwells.

While eastward and westward and northward
ascend
The wood covered hills like a wall 'round the bend,
Where sweetly meanders thy cool stream along,
Thou noble North River, fair theme of my song.

But now the bright sun, sinking low in the west,
No longer reflected from thy stream's silver breast,
Thy valley grows dark, and thy woods gather
gloom;
So farewell sweet stream, I must hie away home.

A STORMY NIGHT

Night is scowling
Winds are howling,
Snow is sifting o'er the plains;
Windows rattle,
Bang and battle,
Dreary winter wildly reigns.

Yet inditing,
Here, and writing,
Happy as a holiday,
Sits a poet,
Singing go it,
Go it, Winter while you may.

Go it, go it,
Snow it, blow it.
Whistle, howl and drift away;
Bluster, Boreas,
Wild and furious—
Go it, winter, while you may.

Winter never
Lasts forever,
Boreal scenes must pass away;
Then ere Flora
Comes in glory,
Go it, winter, while you may.

HENRY AND ELLEN

The streams were bound in icy chains,
The wind blew fierce and keen,
The snow was drifting o'er the plains,
And sun dogs bright were seen.

And o'er the fields at eventide,
Young Henry hied away,
To see his fair intended bride
And set their wedding day.

But ere the stormy plains were crossed,
Dark night wrapt all in shade,
His path grew dim, his way was lost,
He knew not where he strayed.

Young Ellen waited long, but yet,
No Henry came to woo,
The night grew dark, the moon had set,
The drifting winds still blew.

“What can it mean,” she sadly cried,
“O, say, ye winds that blow,
Has Henry sunk with cold and died,
Among the drifting snow?”

“Or is he lost and wand’ring now,
No path to guide him right,
O, Henry, Henry, where are thou,
This cold and stormy night?”

The whole night long poor Ellen wept,
But Henry ne’er appeared,
And o’er the plains the drifts still swept,
And still she hoped and feared.

The morrow came, kind friends sought round,
And sad was Ellen’s woe,
For cold in death her love was found,
Beneath the drifted snow.

MY OLD ELM TREE

Yon fine elm tree that you see in the square,
Do you know, gentle reader, who planted it there?
When your city was young, it was planted by me,
And I’ve come now to visit my old elm tree.

I have long been away and have journeyed far
 round,
And have landed once more "on the old stamping
 ground,"
Where I find many things very sacred to me;
And especially so is my old elm tree.

From the "deep tangled wildwood", with greatest
 of care,
I brought it and planted it carefully there;
And long may it wave its green boughs in the
 breeze,
And bow to its compeers, in this "city of trees."

Long, long may it flourish and grow where it
 stands,
To honor the poet, the pen and the hands
That brought it from sylvan obscurity forth
To TREE-mendous fame, in this land of the North.

Where I've come on a visit, to see once again
The old sod, and old scenes and old friends that re-
 main,
And in part to appease my desire now to see
What growth God had given to my old elm tree.

What an emblem I find in yon elm so tall,
To suggest to the mind a transplanting for all,
When we'll be by the laws of Omnipotent Love
Transplanted from earth to the gardens above.

THE MILLENIUM

O say, is there not
In this wide world a spot,
Where a man may enjoy all his rights,
And live happy and free
To the utmost degree,
And in peace spend his days and his nights?

Honest Truth answers no.
Whereso'er we may go,
While we dwell in our temple of clay,
We shall ne'er find a spot
Where oppression is not,
Till arrives the Millenium day.

And, alas, that fair day
Must be far, far away,
And approaching but slowly indeed;
If we judge from the past,
It is not coming fast,
But is slowly increasing in speed.

And if only by rhyme
I could hasten the time,
What a pleasure 'twould be to indite;
But alas for mankind,
Those who read are so blind,
That the truth can not beam on their sight.

There are so many souls
Who are so much like owls
That when brought to the truth's beaming light,
It so dazzles their minds,
And their vision so blinds,
That they shun it and seek moral night.

And such mortals as these
Must be brought by degrees
To the day from the dark gloomy night;
And so dark is their soul,
That long ages must roll,
Ere their eyes can endure the full light,

We have prophets of late,
Who are fixing the date
Of the coming Millenium near;
But their idea of time
Must be vast and sublime,
Or 'twould not to their minds so appear.,

I have found, and do know,
That the wiser we grow,
And the more our conceptions expand,
The more plain and more near
Coming things will appear,
Till far dates seem as almost at hand.

Thus a thousand long years,
To Jehovah appears,
As ne'er truthfully told, but a day:
And in Wisdom's own view
It is verily true
The Millenium is not far away.

And in cases like this,
The unwise often miss
The true meaning of sages who write;
And by catching wrong views
Are oft led to refuse
The bright day, and still groupe in the night.

'Tis a very hard thing
To so speak or to sing,
As to open blind, ignorant eyes;
For the child that has dirt
In its eyes, is so hurt,
That it holds them tight shut and still cries.

And in vain its pa bids,
'Twill relax not the lids
To get out the sad cause of its cries:
And the same fate we find
With the morally blind
When we're striving to open their eyes.

And their eyes are so dead,
And so sunk in their head,
And so blear with the tears that have run,
That to open them right,
And unskum the dim sight,
Is a job that's not easily done.

For the moment we touch,
Their suspicion is such,
And so fearful they are that we'll harm,
That they tremble and jerk,
And prevent us from work
By grabbing a hold of our arm.

Moral blindness I'm sure
Is the hardest to cure
Of all the diseases of man;
And the doctor who tries,
Must be skillful and wise,
Or succeed I am sure he ne'er can.

But I trust the disease
Will grow light by degrees,
And at last find an end in that day
When all eyes shall grow bright
With a clear moral sight,
And all sorrow and sin flee away.

When the pure Law of Love,
Which is ruling above,
Shall become the sole Law of the Land,
And the whole human race
One religion embrace,
And agree as one brotherly band.

BLESS THAT LITTLE COT

A faithful wee, good wife I've got,
And of't times have I praised her;
And still I bless that humble cot,
Wherein her Mama raised her.

My blessings in that lowly roof,
That shields her honest father;
O, may it prove misfortune—proof,
When threatening storms forgather.

May cold misfortune's wintry squalls,
Ne'er through that house be driven,
'Till they who dwell within its walls,
Are landed safe in heaven!

HENRY BLACKBURN

Kind reader if you e'er did meet,
Along the road or in the street,
A man whose manners were complete,
'Twas little Henry Blackburn.

Or if you've met a man of worth,
Who loves good social fun and mirth,
And has no open foes on earth,
'Twas surely Henry Blackburn.

And if you wish to spend a night,
In social chat and sweet delight,
Just to your fireside invite,
That little Henry Blackburn.

For at your hearth he'll smoking sit,
And tell you tales of hum'rous wit,
Till both your sides with laughter split,
At little Henry Blackburn.

O, when in death our eyes shall close,
And we are done with earthly woes,
Let me but go wherever goes,
Our little Henry Blackburn.

Be that above or down below,
Or any way the wind may blow,
'Twill be a happy place I know,
With little Henry Blackburn.

THE POOR MAN'S WINTER NIGHT

Could winter winds around me blow,
And drive the chilly, drifting snow,
Ben through the roof and chinky wa'
 Chill o'er my head;
While here I lie, a couch o' straw
 My humble bed.

O, ye who live in houses warm,
Well sheltered frae the howling storm,
And sleep on down, nor dream o' harm
 The cauldest night,
How wad ye hide misfortune's arm
 In all her might?

Ah, kings and lords ye little ken,
The trials o' your fellow men
Who lost in poverty's dark den
 And torches gone,
The dismal nooks are grouping ken,
 Or wandering on.

Poor, hopeless wretches here we are,
Lost, in depths of dark despair,
And breathing poverty's dense air,
 In every breath,
And doomed to see the light nae mair,
 Perhaps 'till death.

O, death, the poor man's dearest friend,
Welcome the hour my life shall end,
And I on wings of love ascend
 To worlds on high;
To dwell where joys will never end,
 Nor pleasures die.

LINES IN AN ALBUM

Miss Mary McBride, with a man by your side,
 Perhaps you may happier be;
Provided your man does the best that he can,
 And you both do your best to agree.

But, alas! if the Fates have not made you for mates,
 With natures that harmonize well,
To agree you may try till the day that you die,
 Yet your souls will not cease to rebel.

So be careful, dear girl, in this life's giddy whirl,
 To whom you are wedded for life;
For there's nothing so sad, of all things that are
 bad,
As a miss-mate^d husband and wife.

TRANSITION

"Death is a melancholy call;"

But when it comes to pain us,
Strong faith in future life for all
Brings solace to sustain us.

When dear ones die, how sweet to know
That death is but transition,
That lifts us from this world of woe,
To life in lands elysian.

O, sacred Creed! how mourners need
Thy aid in hours of trouble,
If not for thee, our grief would be
For dear ones more than double.

It wrings the heart when called to part
With those we love so dearly;
But hearts that grope devoid of hope,
Must feel it most severely.

O, let us pray sad mourners may
This sacred faith be given,
That death on earth is simply birth
To endless life in Heaven.

Me thinks I hear the Angels say:

“Sad mourners cease your sorrow;
Dear friends whom death may part today,
May meet in Heaven tomorrow.”

O, listen, lone ones! can't you hear
That “still small voice” supernal,
That falls so softly on your ear,
And tells of life eternal?

That “still small voice” from realms above,
When ties by death are riven,
Comes like a blessed carrier dove,
To bring us news from heaven.

And souls by inspiration led,
Have seen by spirit visions
That dear ones mourned as being dead,
Still live in lands elysian.

Mourn not, sad souls, for dear ones gone;
They are not lost forever;
Your turn will come to follow on;
You'll meet “beyond the river.”

THE EMIGRANTS HAIL TO THE UNITED
STATES

Hail America! blest nation,
Nurs'ry of the brave and free;
Land of mental exaltation,
Home of sacred liberty.

Hear ye freeborn sons of Adam,
Hear ye lately poor opprest,
Hail your favored land of freedom
With a warm and glowing breast

Hail, O, hail, earth's high example,
Government of equal rights:
Where no haughty tyrants trample
On the peasants home delights.

Long live your constitution,
Land that every tyrant hates;
God forbid your dissolution,
Glorious United States.

Hail, fair land where no foul despot,
Makes men tremble at his nod:
Holy land where happy freeman,
Bend the knee to naught but God.

March 15, 1853.

A PARODY ON THE PRECEDING STANZAS

The imaginary feelings of an African slave on leaving the United States for his native land:

Adieu, adieu, thou mongrel nation,
Nursery of foul tyranny;
Land of cruel subjugation,
Home of sin and slavery.

Hear ye sinful sons of Adam,
Hear ye lately poor opprest:
Hail the ship that bears to freedom,
With a warm and glowing breast.

Adieu, adieu, thou foul example,
Government of partial rights:
Where unfeeling tyrants trample,
On poor black men's home delights.

Shame upon your constitution,
Land that sacred freedom hates;
Heaven abhors your foul pollution,
Slavery cursed United States.

Adieu, cursed land where cruel despots,
Make men tremble at their nod;
Land of woe, where abject millions
Bend their backs and feel the rod.

Welcome kind emancipation,
Breezes waft me or'er the sea;
Land of woe and degredation,
Shameless land, adieu to thee.

March 15, 1853.

BOREAS AND THE BARD

If I am to furnish the printer
With sweet and mellifluous strains,
O, give me a night in cold winter,
When Boreas howls o'er the plains.

For then the wild winds in their roaring
Inspire my muse to indite:
And then my wild fancy far soaring,
Finds beautiful gems in its flight.

The why I not yet can discover,
Yet this is a fact I regard,
That Luna's the lamp of the lover,
And Boreas brightens the bard.

Yea, 'tis when wild Boreas blusters,
And howls o'er the cold frozen plains,
The poet most easily musters
His thoughts into eloquent strains.

'Tis true that sweet autumn's soft hours
Oft prompt the true bard to indite;
And spring with her birds and bright flowers
Sweet moods of the muse may incite.

Yet winter's wild reign is the season,
In which we most easily write,
And though I can furnish no reason,
The mind then we find is more bright.

A magic there seems most inciting
In winter's long, cold, stormy nights,
That prompt's the true bard while inditing,
And sweetens the rhymes that he writes.

So if I must furnish the printer
With sweet and melleflous strains,
O, give me a night in cold winter,
When Boreas howls o'er the plains.

INBORN CHARACTER

"One hundred years before his birth
Man's training should begin,"
If we would save his life on earth
From sickness and from sin.

For many years ere we are born,
Through generations past,
Our characters are being formed,
Our dies are being cast.

Our destinies are thus prepared
By generations gone,
And we can but ameliorate,
And hand the impress on.

The Bible says iniquities
Are handed down through time,
To generations third and fourth,
To curse the world with crime.

GIVE US LIGHT

What is mind distinct from matter?
What is spirit? What is thought?
Who can answer these three questions?
Who can give the knowledge sought?

Speak, ye doctors of the body,
Speak, ye trainers of the mind
Answer these three simple questions,
Or acknowledge you are blind.

Boast no more of erudition,
Lay no claims to light divine,
Till you answer these three questions,
And their full import define.

Ministers and men of learning,
Scientists and sages wise,
All who deem yourselves discerning,
Speak and give us your replies.

Give us light, ye would-be leaders
Who assume mankind to teach;
Give us light or do not wonder
If we slumber while you preach.

Teachers who can teach us nothing,
Leaders who behind us lag
Must expect to see us grinning
When they run against a snag.

MAN'S UPWARD DESTINY

When I was an infant, how little I knew,
Compared with my knowledge today;
Yet up to the present how little I've learned,
To what in the future I may.

How small is the progress of fifty-one years
Of earth-life, compared with that wise,
Eternal progression, away in the spheres,
Where angels assist us to rise.

O, earth-born immortals; how few of you see,
Not yet having broken the seal,
What glorious beings you're destined to be,
Away in the Land of the Leal.

The germ of a flower lies hid in the earth,
Through winter, beneath the cold snow;
But, spring-time arriving, it wakes into birth,
Ascends, and develops a blow.

So man, wondrous man, from a germinal birth,
Springs forth with impetus to rise
An immortal being, whose form of the earth
Gives birth to a flower of the skies.

O, ye on life's voyage, toil-worn and oppress'd,
While sadly earth's sorrows you feel,
Remember you're bound for a region of rest,
The beautiful Land of the Leal.

Though rough be your voyage on life's stormy sea,
When death's darksome portal is past,
You'll reach the calm shore of the blest and the
free,
To buffet no more with the blast.

Look up, and take courage, ye poor and oppress'd,
Who voyage through earth-life in tears;
You'll anchor at last in the haven of rest,
In the beautiful Land of the spheres.

OUR CIVIL WAR

The sunny south and stormy north
Have clashed their arms together,
In wicked war resembling much
The warfare of the weather.

The winds you know will sometimes blow,
The south winds long prevailing,
Until at last the northern blast
Will hurl them back with hailing.

Just so our strife for national life
At first was unavailing;
The southern storm was wild and warm,
And filled our land with wailing.

The north at first still got the worst,
And painfully we bore it;
Until at last, bold Sherman's blast
Went sweeping all before it.

QUOTATION FROM A NEWSPAPER.

“Lovely: An interrogatory of silver sweetness and an answer of diamond beauty are contained in the following method of getting to go home with her.

The moon shines bright,
Can I go home with you tonight?

Answer:

The stars do too;
I don't care if you do.”

A suggested improvement on the above:

Those lines above but make us show
Our ugly teeth, but these below,
Although not quite so short, are sweeter,
And flow in smoother, better meter.

The moon is shinnig clear and bright
Can I go home with you tonight?

Answer:

The stars are shining brightly too,
I don't care, honey, if you do.

A WINTER NIGHT

Wintry winds are rudely roaring,
 'Tis a dark and stormy night;
From the north the snow storm pouring,
 Winter brings in all its might.

Yet while all is wild and frightful,
 Out of doors, where howls the storm,
Safe within, O, how delightful,
 'Tis to sit so snug and warm.

Howl, ye winds, around my dwelling,
 Fiercely from the frozen pole;
All your raving, roaring, swelling,
 Serves but to inspire my soul.

Gazing in the glowing embers,
 Hearing Boreas rave and roar,
O, what wings it lends my fancy,
 Far through realms of thought to soar.

Hark! I hear that gentle rapping
 Which I've heard so oft before;
'Tis the muse of winter tapping,
 For admission at my door.

Up I spring, and fly to meet her,
 Ope' the door, invite her in,
Brush her snowy locks and greet her,
 With a glad and social grin.

Thou art aye a welcome comer,
While my hearth is bright and warm;
Sweeter far than sunny summer
Is wild winter's howling storm.

Welcome wildest child of nature,
Spirit of the stormy north,
Sweet inspirer, friend and teacher,
Welcome to my glowing hearth.

Other bards may climb Parnassus,
If they wish to woo the nine;
As for me, I court few lasses,
Save this white haired muse of mine.

Welcome, darling muse of winter,
Sweet inspirer, pet and pride;
Thou hast brought me for the printer,
More than all the world beside.

When wild wintry winds are swelling,
And the night is dark and drear,
While the storm howls 'round my dwelling
Thou art whispering in my ear.

Whisp'ring fancies strange and striking,
Songs and legends quaint and queer;
Using language to the liking,
Of my rhyme admiring ear.

Thus, my faithful fireside musie,
Many a dark and stormy night;
Full of dreams yet never drowsy,
Sit we here to rhyme and write.

THE TAILOR AND THE FROG

One sultry summer day 'tis said
A bullfrog from beneath a bed
Stuck out his consequential head
As sausy as a sailor;
When one who dwelt about the house
'Twas not a man nor yet a mouse,
But what they call "a prick the louse,"
In other words, a tailor,

Stepped up and thus accosted him;
"Sir Frog, you look genteel and prim,
And nicely formed in every limb,
And if you'll pay me well, sir,
I'll make you up a suit complete
And fix you out as trim and neat
As any gent that struts the street
Or beaus the brightest belle, sir.

"Agreed," replied the laughing frog,
'And faith I'll beau the bells incog,
And with the gents I'll guzzle grog,
And flourish like a dandy.

The tailor soon began to sew,
And soon the bullfrog turned a beau,
Who pleased the ladies much although
His legs were somewhat bandy.

The tailor did his duty fine,
Sir Frog looked almost half divine,
And how his popping eyes did shine,
 And with what airs he strutted,
As up the Street on Sabbath days,
He gaily went to sing God's praise,
Attracting everybody's gaze,
 Until their eyes were glugged.

And when at church so finely dressed,
In dandy tights and satin vest,
You could not tell him from the rest,
 Among the dandy loafers;
For some of them looked just like frogs,
And some like donkeys, some like dogs,
And some had snouts resembling hogs,
 And some like well dressed gophers.

And thus you see the frog could pass
As foremost in the dandy class,
Excepting one—I mean the ass,
 Whose fame is never failing;
Though not because he makes pretense
To better looks or better sense,
But 'tis because his eloquence
 And voice are more prevailing.

You'll notice always in a crowd,
Who dresses best and talks most loud,
Though with but little sense endowed,
Will be the pampered pigeon;"
And he who can assume the most,
And prove the least, yet brag and boast,
Is always sure to rule the roast
In matters of religion.

And give a fool sufficient brass,
And feathers fine and lungs that pass
As second only to the ass,
And faith, he'll soon be noted;
For all the other fools you'll find,
I mean three fourths of all mankind,
To all his failings will be blind,
And "Reverend" he'll be voted.

And for this reason Mr. Frog,
Although but lately from the bog,
With fleece so fine soon passed incog,
As one of earths bellwethers;
And thus it has forever been,
Since Adam first committed sin,
There's nothing on this earth can win
Like folly, fuss and feathers.

Now that's the moral of my tale,
To show what things on earth prevail,
And how true worth is left to wail
 While folly's fed on favors;
And if a man with cultured brains,
To play the hypocrite disdains,
He is ignored for all his pains,
 And noble, high endeavor.

THE COMING CONTEST

It is coming, it is coming,
 Like a dark and boding storm;
I can hear its distant thunder,
 And behold its growing form.

And I tremble for my country,
 As I view the coming blast;
But I know there will be sunshine
 When the raging storm is past.

And I know that revolutions
 Have to come to break the chains,
Of poor slaves who toil and suffer,
 When King Mammon sternly reigns.

And I know it is not often
 That it proves a bloodless blow;
But I hope and pray that Heaven,
 May for once permit it so.

May our ballots be our bullets,
 And the justness of our cause,
Raise an overwhelming army
 To demand impartial laws.

And I hope—though rather faintly—
That wise counsels may prevail,
And a congress be elected
That will hear the widow's wail.

For as sure as Heaven reigneth,
If there is not something done
To relieve the cold and hungry,
More than tears, I fear, will run.

For the Power that rules above us,
Will not always wink at wrong;
And in time the poor and lowly,
May rebuke the rich and strong.

As "the meek and lowly Jesus"
Once rebuked a thievish crew,
And the money-changers' tables
In the temple overthrew.

When the holy "house of prayer"
They had made "a den of thieves"—
Like the den we have in Congress,
As full many a one believes.

And as many a weeping widow,
With her tears can well attest,
As she hugs her starving children,
To her sad and weary breast.

Let us, then, be wise and wakeful,
And with ballots for our balls,
Let us fight to save our country,
Ere the wrath of Heaven falls.

PROGRESS AND PERSECUTION

'Tis sad to know grand sacred truths,
Yet tremble to reveal them,
Because a blind deluded world
Would force us to conceal them.

O, is it not a burning shame,
That wrong is so deep-rooted,
That they who find and teach new truths,
Are always persecuted?

At least 'tis near the truth to say,
All Christs that e'er have risen,
To teach new truths for human good,
Have groaned in death or prison.

Yea, even at the present day,
And here in this free (?) nation,
Grand souls for telling living truths
Endure incarceration.

Disguise the matter as we may,
It cannot be disputed,
That those who lead the world along,
Are always persecuted.

When human reformations come,
The noble souls who spring them,
Have often suffered martyrdom
And gave their lives to bring them.

O, wicked world! how long, how long,
Shall hate, and superstition,
Predominate o'er love and light,
Controlling man's condition?

O, Love! O, Light! O, Liberty!
Fair Trinity celestial!
When shall thy peaceful reign on earth
Lift Man above the bestial?

Let there be Love, let there be Light,
In lieu of superstition;
Let there be liberty to teach
The truths of intuition!

When Love, and Light, and Freedom bless
Mankind with pure conditions,
The great millennial day will dawn,
And bring divine fructifications.

A RESOLUTION

Resolved henceforth that I will not
One line in poesy dress,
Which dying, I could wish to blot,
Or living to suppress.

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A LETTER

Letter go, and with thee bear
The news I've trusted in thy care;
Thy journey's long, but at its end,
Thou'lt find thy author's noblest friend,
Whose kind and social heart will make,
Thee welcome for thy author's sake;
Then go and let thy outer part
Denote whose messenger thou art.

ADDRESS ON SAME LETTER

To Geo. B. Nelson I direct,
And if you understand my style,
You'll send this, sir, without neglect,
The nearest route to West Carlisle,
Coshocton County, Ohio,
And this you'll understand, I know.

YON WILDWOODS IN THE FALL

How dear to me shall ever be,
Yon wildwoods in the fall;
For then and there I met the fair
That I loved best of all.

'Twas there beneath the fruitful vine,
Where grapes were hanging blue,
That first her silk-soft cheek to mine,
In artless love I drew.

And there the bliss of lovers true,
When two fond hearts unite;
We then enjoyed while moments flew,
On pinions of delight.

And there fond mem'ry ling'ring still,
Beneath that ancient vine;
Finds joy supreme, and ever will
'Till breath no more is mine.

NOT HAS, BUT IS

For man to say he "has" a Soul,
Is not the truth to say;
He has no soul but *is* a Soul.
And "has" a "house of clay."

Which house is but his transient home;
Ere long he'll move away,
And leave it cold and tenantless,
To moulder and decay.

Were I to say, "I have myself,"
'Twould be a phrase as fit
As 'twould to say, "I have a Soul,"
For I, myself, am it.

This clay with which I now am clad,
Is not me, as some suppose;
Because when shed, 'twill lie as dead,
As do my worn-out clothes.

When I am gone don't view my clay,
And think that I am dead;
For what you see will not be me.
But only what I've shed.

If these right views were more impressed
Upon the human mind,
Man then would feel himself more bless'd,
And more to faith inclined.

But while he thinks himself must die,
And that his soul, not him,
Is all that shall be borne on high,
So long will death look grim.

But when man learns he is a Soul,
And that his clay alone,
Is all that dies, he'll then rejoice,
With joy before unknown.

Death then will seem no sadder thing,
Than casting off the clay,
To glide with guardian angels
To the spirit land away.

May heaven haste the happy day.
When all shall comprehend,
That they, themselves, shall never die,
Shall never have an end.

For when that heavenly day shall come,
All earthly tongues shall sing:
"Oh, Grave where is thy victory?
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

AN AMERICAN PROBLEM

When I hear our people boasting of the freedom
 we enjoy,
It makes me think about a sum I worked at when
 a boy ;
And as I never worked it out, it may not be amiss,
To state it ,and let others try : the sum was simply
 this :

If it takes about four millions of degraded slaves
 to make
This land a land of freedom, then how many would
 it take,
To be added to this number by the simple rule of
 three,
To make a land of bondage, or a land that isn't
 free?

Now you arithmeticians who to lore would prove
 your claims,
Pick up your slates and pencils and immortalize
 your names ;
By working out this problem and exposing to the
 light,
'The modus aperandi that will give the answer right,

By myself, I must acknowledge, 'tis not likely to
 be done,
Having never been to .college or to congress, eith-
 er one ;
But were I of the latter place a member, I'll be
 shot,
If I didn't get the answer, if the answer could be
 got.

WRITTEN AT A SCHOOL HOUSE

(Written in 1936).

Reader be thou young and gay,
Middle-aged or old and gray;
Well disposed or ill designed,
Keep these truths still in thy mind.

If we walk in Godly ways,
Peaceful we may spend our days,
But if we should walk in sin,
Peace of mind we ne'er could win.

For the vile have little rest,
But the good are richly blest;
Blest in conscience, blest in mind,
Blest with friends and neighbors kind.

Let us then forever shun,
Every sin beneath the sun;
And in virtue spend our days,
Shining with reforming rays.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

(On the back of which was a well-executed picture of a most beautiful girl):

Mary, I've looked your album through,
And read its contents, old and new,
And must declare, to be sincere,
There's not, in all that's written here,
One single line where I can trace
Such beauty in, as in that face
Which on the album's back appears,
Like some sweet soul from higher spheres
Sent down to earth to win our love,
And turn our thoughts to Heaven above.
This book within sweet charms may lack,
But beauty sweet adorns its back.

ROOM TO LEARN

Man knows but little here below,
Nor knows that little long;
For as he goes the more he knows;
The more he finds he's wrong.

And thus when man learns all he can,
The more his knowledge grows;
The plainer he is brought to see
How little 'tis he knows.

The greatest sage, grown wise by age,
When retrospect he takes,
Sees very plain his greatest gain
Was learning his mistakes.

And thus through time the more we climb
The Alpine heights of Lore,
At each advance our ignorance
Is shown us more and more.

Until at last we stand aghast,
In deep humility,
And gaze far 'round the vast profound,
O'erwhelmed by what we see.

O, brother man, learn all you can,
But never boast of lore;
Remember still, learn all you will,
There's room for learning more.

No final bound will e'er be found
To knowledge, time or space,
They each include infinitude,
Within their vast embrace.

And never can aspiring man,
The boundless whole explore;
But he may climb through endless time,
Still learning more and more.

IN LEONA SNYDER'S ALBUM

The thought that I would here record,
This evening in September,
Lives in one little English word,
The simple word—Remember.

This simple word tells all I crave
Of earthly friends fraternal,
When my poor bones go to the grave,
And I to scenes supernal.

WHAT WE NEED

'Tis Light and Love and Liberty,
In unity combined,
It seems to me will have to be
The saviors of mankind.

The Light to show the way to go,
The Love to warm the breast,
And Liberty to make us free
To choose what suits us best.

With perfect Light to see the right,
And know the good from ill,
And holy love from realms above,
To prompt the human will.

And then if we have Liberty
When moved by Love and Light,
The way we know is best to go,
How can we go but right?

Then give us Light and give us Love,
And give us Liberty;
Millenium will never come,
Until we have all three.

For want of love we spar and fight,
For want of light we lie;
For want of thee, sweet Liberty,
In legal chains we die.

Hail to the Light that leads to right!
Hail to the Love that warms!
And hail to thee, sweet Liberty,
In all thy native charms!

MY HOME ON MUDLICK RUN

How oft in pensive mood I stand,
And view the morning sun,
Slow-rising o'er my native land,
My home on Mudlick run .

And think upon my early days,
And boyhood's native scenes,
The fields, the woods, the banks and braes,"
The rocks and cool ravines.

Ten thousand suns may rise and set,
And I may range and roam,
But never can my heart forget,
My childhood's native home.

No, never while on earth I roam,
Beneath the shining sun,
Shall I forgret my native home,
My home on Mudlick Run.

ENDURING LOVE

In yonder green valley was where I first met
My sweet little Sally, my pride and my pet;
The moment I saw her, I loved her 'to kill,"
And wooed her and wed and I'm loving her still.

Our honeymoon never seems likely to set,
For as it first shone it is still shining yet,
Although she is forty and I'm forty-three,
I'm still courting her, and she's still courting me.

And I'm firm in the faith that sweet Sally and I,
'Through the journey of life shall court on till we
die ;

And O, when we meet in the gardens above,
We'll enjoy an eternal elysium of love.

IN MRS. SHARP'S ALBUM

Were I as full of verses
As cocoons are of silk,
And willing still to deal them out
As dairymen do milk,

I could not furnish half enough
Of autographpic crumbs,
To drop a piece in every book
That for its morsel comes.

But when a neighbor lady friend
Sends in a book so fine,
Adorned with "Golden Butterflies,"
I can't refuse a line.

Such lovely things, with golden wings,
The Muse may well inspire,
Some lines to make that gently wake
The sweet poetic lyre.

AUTUMN AGAIN

O, Autumn, sweet Autumn, I hail thee once more,
And welcome thy coming with joy;
Thy weather reminds me of pleasures of yore,
And scenes that I knew when a boy.

Thy winds softly blowing the leaves from the trees
And strewing them gently below,
Reminds me of scenes where I saw thy soft breeze,
Strewing leaves a long, long time ago.

I fancy I see the blue grapes that o'erhung,
The shrubs in unfrequented ways,
In wildwoods I gathered brown chestnuts among
Far back in my juvenile days.

And O, what a sweet painful pleasure it yields,
In fond retrospection to view,
In Fancy's bright mirror, the forests and fields,
And scenes which in boyhood I knew.

Sweet boyhood, thy pleasures are hard to forget,
They hang round our souls to the last;
And fondly when life's evening sun sinks to set,
We turn and look back o'er the past.

LETTER TO GEORGE B. NELSON

Locust Grove, Iowa, May 26, 1842.

Dear friend of the Muse:

While broken clouds are floating by,
Along the blue, ethereal sky,
I set me down, resolved to try
My luck at rhyme;

For 'tis not every day that I
Can get the time.

So while the fleeting moments go,
I'll write in haste and let you know
I'm yet alive and well;

And though far in a distant clime,
I yet can send you back in rhyme,
What e'er I wish to tell.

And still whene'er I've time to spend,
You may expect I'll write;

For when I'm scribbling to a friend,
'Tis pleasure to indite;

So fear not you'll hear not,
From me whene'er I've time,

For mind still you'll find still
I'm ever full of rhyme.

O, had I but the aid of lore,
That had old Pope and Thomas Moore,
I then might let my ideas pour,
In verse or prose;

And with my pen might touch the core
Of friends and foes.

But Fate, that hard, ice-hearted jade,

Still bids me want, though oft I've prayed,
For language to express
The musings of my mental part,
In such sweet words as touch the heart,
And very soul caress.

But, Doc, I s'pose you wish to know
The chance for doctors here;
I should now think they'd gather slow,
To speak from heart sincere;
For mind it you'll find it,
Quite hard to get your pay;
All cash bright is kept tight,
To enter claims some day.
But these close times will roll away,
And time will bring a better day,
When doctors all may get their pay,
And prosper fair;
But for the present tense, I pray,
Stay where you are;
And ride those poor Coshocton hills,
Where shady glens and purling rills,
Form Muse inspiring scenes;
And where you're blest with fruit and friends,
On whom, in part, your joy depends,
And sweetest pleasure leans.
Then be contented where you are,
Nor crave a richer sod;
You've still enough to eat and wear,
Yet scarcely thank your God;
O, kneel then and feel then
An inward thankfulness,
To heaven, for giving
The blessings you possess.

But as the sun is wearing low,
And evening cocks begin to crow,
I think I here must let you know
 What I've been doing.
And tell you near's I can also,
 What time is brewing.
I've still been farming same as ever,
And so far slid along quite clever,
 In reference to expense;
For bed and board from first to last,
Old Whitmore's charge was nothing past
 Ten dollars, fifty cents.

But to the future now I turn,
 And tell you what I think;
I fear my heart will ever burn
 For paper, pen and ink.
I find still my mind still
 Is smitten with the Muse,
And plagues me and begs me,
 When writing I refuse.
But by my pen, my heart's delight,
And by the ink with which I write,
And by my paper clean and white—
 I vow and swear,
My Muse correctly shall indite
 Or rhyme nae mair;
At least until I've got a claim,
And some improvements on the same;
 If then I've leasure time.
I care but little if I do
Compose a fav'rite song or two,
 Or write a page of rhyme.
But when I'll have a chance to get

A claim, which have I must,
Is more than I can tell you yet,
Though still I hope and trust,
That ere a year shall disappear,
A purchase will be made;
And I shall squat on some fair spot
Along some verdant glade.
But blushing and wishing,
My next may please you better,
Suppose now, I close now,
My poorly written letter.
With sincerest and highest respect,
Your devoted friend.

FAREWELL TO WHISKEY

Whiskey, you have held your sway
O'er me, I own, for many a day;
But I'm resolved, let come what many,
To bid you now in rustic lay,
A solid, sound farewell for aye;
And that's what's the matter.

And now in this my firm adieu,
Whiskey, I wish to name to you
Of all your ugly deeds a few,
That I, myself, and others too
Have oft endured life's journey through,
And naught I'll say but what is true;
And that's what's the matter.

'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,
'Tis you that makes me stub my toes,
'Tis you that makes me bump my nose;
And you it is that brings me blows,
From drunken friends and sober foes,
And 'tis for you my money goes;
And that's what's the matter.

'Tis you I love and you I hate,
You make me act the dog with Kate,
My faithful wife and loving mate;
'Tis you that makes me miss the gate,
While 'gainst the post I crack my pate,
As I am reeling homeward late;
And that's what's the matter.

And you it is and you alone,
That makes my nose a rose full blown,
And keeps it puffed up like a pone,
And red as any beet that's grown;
And you it is, as is well known,
That keeps my horses skin and bone;
And that's what's the matter.

And now to you I've this to say:
Though long o'er me you've held your sway,
I'm going on this very day,
Let come what will, or go what may,
To bid farewell to you for aye,
Let drinking friends say what they may;
And that's what's the matter.

MATRIMONIAL MUSINGS.

Better wed a fallen woman,
If by nature she is kind,
Than the chastest woman living,
With an ill, contrary mind.

There is precious little comfort
To be found in married life,
By the man who has a vixen
Of a woman for a wife.

You may talk about a heaven,
You may preach about a hell,
But the man who isn't married,
Can't have either very well.

But the married man is certain
To have one or t'other pure,
Or of both a sort of mixture,
That will neither kill nor cure.

But remember gentle reader,
You must not infer from this,
That the women are the cause of
All connubial woe or bliss.

For a man can be a drunkard,
And come home in horrid plight,
With his hands and clothes all muddy
In the silent hours of night.

And we ask you, candid reader,
Don't you think a scene like this,
Would be hugely calculated
To enhance connubial bliss?

And would not her heart be icy,
And her feelings hard to touch,
If the wife of such a husband,
Did not love him "vastly much?"

But to lay aside all joking,
Counting any way we can,
All the frailties of poor woman,
Cannot match the sins of man.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY

Kind reader I propose to try,
In poetry to name,
Some things the bard must aye regard,
If he would rise to fame.

And first I say, as well I may,
At many a fool's expense,
It cannot be good poetry,
That lacks for common sense.

It also should to make it good,
Have every accent placed,
In order so 'twill smoothly flow,
And please the tuneful taste.

The accent too, each stanza through,
Should never fail to chime,
Precisely where the sounds compare,
Which constitute the rhyme.

And when the rhyme in proper time,
Chimes in at the penult,
If accent true were not there too,
It would the ear insult.

The antepenult N. U .L. T.
Sometimes contains the rhyme,
Yet wheresoe'er the rhymes appear,
The accent there must chime.

Another thing I wish to sing,
Which is alliteration:
Free use of this ne'er comes amiss,
I know by observation.

I've noticed, too, that where we do,
Employ this ear delighter,
To make it come, each time at some
Chief word, exalts the writer.

And every word should still be heard
To have such distribution,
That from the tongue 'twill flow when sung,
With ease of elocution.

To charm the soul with rhymes that roll,
Like sounds o'er hills and hollows,
Each word that's sung should leave the tongue
Prepared to speak what follows.

These are a few thus brought to view,
Of all the num'rous things
For which the bard must have regard,
Who eloquently sings.

A NIGHTLY RAMBLE IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

I was wandering one night by the moon's silver
light
Where the haw-thorn and crab-apple grow,
Composing a song, as I wandered along,
To the tune they call "Rosin the Bow."

When above the low thorns rose a buck's shaggy
horns,
And a snort pierced the night's silent air,
So terrific and strong that it ended my song,
And like bristles erected my hair.

The affright lasted not—but my song I forgot;
For I never could think of it more—
But I did not regret that it made me forget;
For I rhymed better then than before—

Having got a new theme, that was neither a dream
Nor a tame sober scene of the day,
But a wild deer at night, who announced his af-
fright,
And then threw up his tail and away.

But the lines I made then I neglected to pen,
Till they slipt from my mem'ry entire;
And it's thus that I lose many strains of my muse
Which the scenes of wild nature inspire.

AT FOSTERVILLE.

Methinks when I have gone above,
To dwell in scenes supernal,
Where friendship, truth, and sacred love
Are fadeless and eternal,

I surely will remember still,
When hours have grown to millions,
The hours I spent at Forterville,
Among the Fostervilians.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

The immortality of Man
Is founded in great Nature's plan.
Man is the apex of creation,
Its final, utmost culmination;
His final home, the great, the grand,
Supernal, lovely Spirit-Land.
And, Ida, should I journey through
To that fair land before you do,
This poor memento you may see,
And think one friendly thought of me,
And value what is on this page
The higher for its author's age.

MY OWN HEART'S APPLAUSE

I write not for others, 'tis for my own bliss,
That I court the sweet muses, and only for this,
I stop not to reckon what bigots may frown
If the truth should be told, or what dogmas go
down.

I only inquire of my reason to know
If the things I am writing are really so;
And if they belie not fair nature nor God
I write them, and ask not whose toes may be trod.

I write not on purpose to wound tender toes,
Nor yet for the purpose of vanquishing foes,
But for the sweet sense of my own heart's applause,
And the joy of enlisting in Truth's holy cause.

These are the chief motives which rule when I
write,
And in them I find an exquisite delight;
It is joy to my soul to be able to say
I have told but the truth, let it pinch where it may.

And if the whole race of mankind would be,
By the same motives governed, the world would be
free
To progress in the truth, without trembling or fear
Of old Bigotry's frown or sectarian sneer.

But alas! as it is, the three fourths of mankind,
Are such timeserving cowards, such slaves in their
mind,
That they fear for themselves to decide
What is truth and what's error, but blindly confide
In the views of their leaders, and swallow them
still,
However unwholesome or bitter the pill.

But as for myself, may the God of truth save
And secure me from being so servile a slave;
My bodily freedom the world may control,
But it never shall trammel my freedom of soul.

For I think as I please and still write what I think,
Though the bigots may shake me o'er hell's fiery
brink;
And my motto shall be "Equal rights to all men,
And the freedom of Conscience, the Press and the
the Pen."

THE HAPPY POOR

The poor man often has a heart
As buoyant as a feather,
And poverty and innocence
Are often found together;
And innocence and happiness
Are always hand in hand,
And thus the poor are oftentimes
The happiest in the land.

THE FOUNT OF KNOWLEDGE

There is a fountain clear,
Which is no tainted tank,
But springs from which none e'er
Regret they ever drank.

And of its waters pure,
The wholesomeness is such,
No mortal I am sure,
Can ever drink too much.

Pope thinks a little will
Intoxicate the brain,
And that to deeply swill
Will sober it again.

But Pope is wrong, I think,
These waters I maintain,
However small the drink,
Can never harm the brain.

Let much be drank or no,
If reason does not rule,
It only serves to show
The man was born a fool.

A little from this cool
Unfailing fount of lore,
Ne'er made a man a fool,
If not a fool before.

Stretched at this fountains brink,
See thirsting mortals lie,
And drink, and drink, and drink,
And drink, and still be dry.

While each succeeding sip,
Still sweeter than before,
Creates a deeper thirst,
A stronger wish for more.

Yet none need ever think,
However hard they try,
That they can ever drink
This wondrous fountain dry.

Though all the human race
Since Adam's fabled fall,
Have from these waters drunk,
They have not drunk them all.

And ever hence though man
May throng this streamlet's brink,
And still drink all they can,
There'll still be more to drink.

From the eternal mount
Of nature's boundless store,
This neverfailing fount
Will flow forevermore.

And each succeeding age,
Shall throng its streamlet shore
And deeper drink than all
The ages gone before.

And still each present age,
Shall in its own great eyes,
Be most supremely sage,
Unquestionably wise.

And all the ages past
Shall by the present still,
Be laughed at for their lack
Of knowledge, art and skill.

And thus this wondrous fount,
Through endless time shall flow,
And thirsting man still drink,
And wise and wiser grow.

MAN

Man is monarch of the land,
And of the ocean wide;
Dumb beasts obey his stern command,
Or seek from him to hide.

The deer, wild antelope and fox
From man affrighted stave,
While other beasts, the horse and ox,
Submit to be his slave.

Yet what is man with all his power,
And all his wide command?
He's but the blossom of an hour
That fades in death's cold hand.

THE LONG AGO

O, poetry, how soon thy spell
Comes softly stealing o'er
My Muse-struck brain when e'er I dwell
On bygone days of yore.
"Old times," ah me, that pensive phrase,
It prompts both joy and woe,
And brings to mind my childhood days,
And scenes of long ago.

PEGGY

Peggy was a bonnie lass,
And Peggy was a dearie;
And Peggy would have been my wife,
If I had wished to marry.

I was then but seventeen,
When first I went to woo her;
And now in age I'm very glad
I told no falsehoods to her.

I did not wish to marry then,
And Peggy could not get me;
But still I beaud her many times,
And she was glad to let me.

But when she got another beau
I acted as a stranger,
Because I did not wish to be
A dog within a manger.

So Peggy gave me up at last
And married a poor suitor,
For love, perhaps—at any rate,
It was not for his pewter.

But Peggy wed at all events,
And I did naught to stop her;
And far as I can see as yet,
I acted right and proper.

And now that age has made me proof,
'Gainst Cupid and the Devil,
I'm very glad that thus in youth
My conscience held me level.

I know when young I was no saint,
And loved the lasses dearly;
But loving lasses is no sin,
If we but love sincerely.

And now to all young men I'd say,
Whate'er you please, I'll bet it,
If honest with the girls when young,
When old you'll not regret it.

THE OLD ADAGE

It is an old adage true and trite,
Whoe'er may carp or cavil,
That "men love darkness more than light,
Because their deeds are evil."

He seeks the light whose deeds are right,
Because he need not hide them;
But wants to see, if evils be,
The best way to avoid them.

The heart that's pure is aye secure,
In light or darkness either;
And goes its way by night and day,
Disturbed by fears of neither.

Though evil deeds and heathen creeds
Can't live where light is beaming;
No conscience clear has need to fear
The light though brightly gleaming.

The truth and right fear not the light,
But court investigation;
And look more bright the more the light
Gives out illumination.

But lies and wrong are only strong,
When darkness deep surrounds them;
And flee away from opening day,
Because its light confounds them.

IN SUSIE HOREN'S ALBUM

Come, come, my dear Musie,
Let's sing some for Susie,
And show her some kindly respect;
For such a dear creature,
And bonny school-teacher,
No poet should ever neglect.

IN VALLEY GARLINGER'S ALBUM

My Muse I must rally,
And write some for Valley,
If merely to open the way;
For other composers,
Both rhymers and prozers,
To scribble and scrawl as they may.

LIFE

Life is but a floating bubble,
Driven round by changing air;
O'er a sea of mirth and trouble,
Pain and pleasure, hope and fear.

See life's bubble sweetly gliding,
Driven by a gentle breeze;
Then again behold it riding,
On the waves o'er stormy seas.

OTTUMWA

Ottumwa's a thriving and neat little vill,
Part built in the valley and part on the hill;
And close beside the sweet river Des Moines,
Flows onward the great Mississippi to join;
Whose waters far southward meandering roam,
Till lost in the ocean, their ultimate home;
So all of earth's nations, when life's journey's o'er,
Shall meet in one home, and be parted no more.

SONG OF THE WIDE - AWAKES

Let's keep the ball still rolling, boys,
And labor till the last;
And when the votes are polling, boys,
Be mindful how they're cast;
For if old Abe is beaten, boys,
I'll tell you how it stands,
The De'il will have our destiny,
Completely in his hands.

So by our love of Liberty,
And by our dread of chains,
Let's now to work for Lincoln, boys,
With body, soul and brains.
Let's preach, and shout, and sing, my boys,
And everything we can,
Till all the hills shall ring, my boys,
For Abe, that honest man.

O, won't we have rejoicing, boys,
If honest Abe shall win!
And how the long-faced Douglasites
Will hang their heavy chin!
And how poor Doug will shiver, then,
With ague, lean and pale,
As padd'ling up Salt River, boys,
He "goes it" on a rail!

Methinks the "little giant" then
Will not be quite so brave,
Nor half so self-reliant, then,
The Union's soul to save.
His darling Squatter Sov'reignty
Could lend him no support;
For she in servile bondage now
Obeys the Supreme Court.

'Twas down at dingy Baltimore
They seized her by the throat,
And kicked her from his platform, boys,
And sent his raft afloat.
They choked her till her speech was gone,
And all who read the news,
Are well aware they'll teach the jade
To mind her P's and Q's.

Huzza! for honest Abraham,
That noble son of toil,
Free homes, free hearts, free speech, free
press,
Free labor and free soil;
For these let's shout and sing, my boys,
'Till mountain, hill and plain,
For honest Abe shall ring, my boys,
From Mexico to Maine.

Still "wide awake" and watching, boys,
Let this our motto be,
Until we meet to burn our hats,
And shout for victory!
For after the election, boys,
We'll feel so fine, I know,
We'll hold a jolly jubilee,
And raise a rousing crow.

O, won't we have rejoicing, boys,
If honest Abe shall win!
And how the long-faced Douglasites
Will hang their heavy chin!
And how poor Doug will shiver, boys,
With ague, lean and pale,
As padd'ling up salt River, boys,
He "goes it" on a rail!

A BLESSED THING

Religion is a blessed thing,
When pure and undefiled;
It makes the widow's heart to sing,
And feeds the orphan child.

But now how many do we find,
Who really do possess,
This pure religion, ever kind,
To the needy in distress?

ROBERT BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY

Burns truly was a man uncommon,
And worshipped at the shrine of woman,
The social joys, he loved them dearly,
And sweetly sang "The Rigs o' Barley,"
He fell in love with lasses many,
But loved his Mary best of any;
At least his most divine effusion
Has brought my mind to that conclusion;
A song of love so truly plighted,
No Pseudo-lover e'er indicted.
No human soul feels less than sorry,
Who thinks of Burns and Highland Mary.
Those tender lines to her in Heaven,
What heart can read and not be riven?
Immortal fame can only carry
One Robert Burns, one Highland Mary,
While earth upon her axis turns,
Shall live the name of Robert Burns;

And lethean waves shall never bury
The hallowed name of Highland Mary.
"Eternity will not efface
Those records" of their "last embrace;"
They're left to live in human souls,
As long as terra firma rolls;
Long shall this world the footprints carry,
Of Robert Burns and Highland Mary.
Eternal life to them is given,
Both here on earth and up in Heaven;
One endless life in scenes supernal,
And one on earth in fame eternal.

IN HATTIE'S ALBUM

Dear Hattie, may this Autograph
Have golden grains among the chaff,
That those who look these pages through
May find mementos to renew
Devoted thoughts of me and you,
When we have gone to dwell on high,
In rosy realms beyond the sky,
Where angels walk the golden shore,
And dear ones meet to part no more.

THE YELLOW-HAMMER

I saw a bird with noisy tongue,
Whose head did highly stick up
And dodge about, yet all he sung
Was flickup, flickup, flickup.

And so it is with many a fop,
Whose head is backward leaning;
His noisy tongue can never stop,
Though all devoid of meaning.

WHY I WRITE

Some poets write for needful pence,
And some to flatter queens,
And others write for want of sense,
But I just write for "greens".

It does me good to rhyme and write,
Though none should ever read;
From every line I drink delight,
With sweet poetic greed.

I love to write my thoughts in rhyme,
An idle hour to spend;
That I may read some future time,
What in my youth I penned.

Or rove where birds a whistling throng,
Through woodlands green in June;
And there compose a mellow song,
To some delightful tune.

Or set me down a winter's night,
When fortune gives me time;
And to a bosom-croney write
The country news in rhyme.

Or wander where the bushes bend,
With loads of heavy snow;
While soft and thick the drops descend,
And bend the branches low.

And there in dreary winter's shade,
Compose a pensive rhyme;
With darkness in each line portrayed;
To suit the dreary time.

But sweeter far it is to rove,
When all is clad in green;
And by a fountain in the grove,
In rhyme portray the scene.

Or wander out a summer night,
When all is calm and still;
And seat me where the moon shines bright,
By some sweet gurgling rill.

And calmly view the purling stream,
In ripples flow along;
And on its banks by moon-light dream
A tender heart-felt song.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY

(On visiting the home of his childhood.)

Here is the old homestead!—once more I behold
The old scenes where I lived long ago;
And stroll once again, where in childhood I strolled,
But my step is more feeble and slow.

Here are the old fields and woodlands around,
Too sacred for time to destroy;
And here is the same little smooth grassy mound,
Where I tumbled and played, when a boy.

And here the same rivulet murmurs along,
Through meadows that taught me to mow;
And its ripples still prattle the same cheerful song
That I listened to long, long ago.

And here the same spring from the hill's rugged
brink
As crystal and silently flows
As when to the reapers I carried their drink
And gathered their sheaves into rows.

O, where is the father and mother so dear,
To this spot once so familiarly known?—
They are gone, they are gone, to a happier sphere,
And I tread the old door-yard alone.

Ah me! how forsaken and desolate now
Is the spot that once rang with my joy,
As I shouted and romped, with no care on my
brow,
A contented and light-hearted boy!

O, is it not solemn and sad to return
To the scenes of our childhood when old,
And survey the old homestead, with feelings for-
lorn,
The sad changes of time to behold!

No father, no mother, no kindred nor cot
Do I see, where I once saw them all;
And in sadness I sigh as I view the dear spot,
Through the tears that in pensiveness fall.

O, is it not painfully sacred to come,
After absence of many long years,
In the evening of life, to our childhood's dear home,
And bedew the old sod with our tears.

PENSIVE REFLECTIONS

We've met a few congenial souls;
But met, ah me! to sever;
O, shall we meet them e'er again?
Or are they gone forever?

A few still live in other lands;
Some gone to realms above us;
We clasp no more their friendly hands;
O, have they ceased to love us?

Or will both they and we love on
Forever and forever?
Or are the deal forever gone,
Again to love us never?—

We ask, and hold our breath to hear
Some answer faintly given;
But not a sound falls on our ear,
From either earth or heaven.

But ours are not clairaudient ears;
No spirit voice can reach us;
No echoes from supernal spheres
Can kindly come to teach us.

But tell us not that "*death ends all*";
'Tis painful to conceive it;
More dark than darkest dungeon wall;
Hope dies if we believe it.

O teach it not to loving souls,
Whose dear ones have departed;
They could not bear such deep despair,
And be not brokenhearted.

Forbear to tell, O, Infield,
Your doubts to mourning mothers;
If doubt you must, leave hope and trust
To cheer the hearts of others.

LESSONS OF TIME

The slave-holding power of our nation
Hung old Ossawattamie Brown;
And fired on our flag at Ft. Sumpter,
To keep love of liberty down.

But what were the fruits of that rashness?
And where is that slave-power now?
Its bloodhounds and keen cat-o'ninetails
Once used the poor black man to cow?

All gone and departed forever!
While Ossawattamie Brown
Shouts joy with the angels in Heaven,
With Liberty's star in his crown.

Rich tyrants may rule for a season,
And martyrs for Liberty bleed;
But Heaven still comes to the rescue,
And slaves from oppression are freed.

Beware, O, ye wealthy oppressors!
Your murder of innocent men,
May call back the vengeance of Heaven,
And woe to your wickedness then!

HOPE

'Tis *hope* that drives dull care away,
And gilds the clouds of sorrow;
For when dame Fortune frowns today,
We *hope* she'll smile to-morrow.

The present hour is seldom blest,
Save when through *hope* we borrow
The shade of what's to be possess'd
Upon the coming morrow.

Thus day by day still pass away,
Life's road still rough and narrow;
Our woe is always here today,
Our weal to come tomorrow.

'Tis well that man with *hope* is blest,
For when vexations harrow,
It lulls the tumult of his breast,
With prospects of tomorrow.

EMBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES

Behold yon Eagle in the skies!
Fit emblem of our nation;
How truly doth she symbolize
Our country's exaltation.

She soars the nearest Heaven's gates
Of all the fowl creation;
And so are these United States
The most exalted nation.

As she the freest in the air,
And widest spreads her pinion,
So we with other lands compare,
In freedom and dominion.

As she unconquered guards her nest,
High in her alpine bowers,
So we unconquered stand the test,
Nor fear invading powers.

The British Lion, strong and brave,
And dreadful in his roaring,
Had not the power to enslave
The Eagle, proudly soaring.

GOLD

I get in such a way sometimes,
Of making songs, and writing rhymes,
That if my sonnets were but dimes,
Or deeds to land,
The world would soon forgive my crimes,
And take my hand.

But as it is—alas! alas!
That e'er such things should come to pass—
Yon wealthy, witless, proud jackass
Finds great attention,
While I—but hold! 'twere but disgrace,
My name to mention.

O, what a world we're living in!
Where jab'ring fools make such a din;
And where the rich great notice win,
And friends secure,
And the unpardonable sin
Is being poor.

O Gold! O Gold! thy pow'r how great!
'Tis *thee* that rules both church and state,
And gives to argument its weight,
On most occasions;
And 'tis for thee our lawyers prate
With so much patience.

For *thee*, the farmer tills the soil;
For *thee*, the joiners sweat and broil;
And 'tis for *thee*, his weary toil,
 The smith endures;
For *thee*, the doctor gives us oil,
 And kills or cures:

For *thee*, the priest still prays and sings;
For *thee*, the tavern bell still rings;
For *thee*, men do ten-thousand things,
 Both good and bad;
And having *thee*, all else but wings
 May soon be had.

Great are thy charms, O, glit'ring Gold!
Thy tale has not yet half been told;
For thee, e'en man himself is sold
 To fellow man;—
And 'tis, some say, with faces bold,
 A righteous plan.

O, Gold, O, Gold! alas, alas!
That e'er thy pow'r should bring to pass,
Ought that could make one human class
 The slaves of others,
When all mankind, in one grand mass,
 Should rank as brothers.

A POEM ON PRAYER.

God bless this boundless Universe,
Is comprehensive praying;
But little, narrow, selfish prayers,
Are truly not worth saying.

Methinks the noblest prayers of all,
Are kindly words and actions,
Through all life's social intercourse,
Backed up by benefactions.

If people prayed in language less,
But more in deeds of kindness,
'Twould be indeed a great advance,
From superstitious blindness.

Word prayers are but empty things,
The starving could not eat them,
Though pious frauds and hypocrites
Should day and night repeat them.

Alas! how vain are empty words,
In pious prayers uttered;
They never bring the hungry bread,
Nor cause it to be buttered.

The man who prays in kindly deeds,
May see his prayers granted;
But he who prays in words alone,
Brings not the blessings wanted.

The *doers* of good things we love,
But devil take the *sayers*;
One kindly deed in time of need,
Is worth ten thousand prayers.

Religious show, pretense, and blow,
How fostered and respected!
While thousands freeze, and starve, and weep,
And even die, neglected.

Clear down to wicked war itself,
Religious feigning reaches;
For there mid carnage, blood and death,
A chaplain prays and preaches.

Audacious Man! how dare you thus,
While brother man you're slaying,
Hold up your blood-stained hands to God,
In sanctimonious praying?

Dark demons might presume to fight,
And pray and slay, exulting;
But man, we think, should never sink
To deeds so heaven-insulting.

Grim war, at best, good men detest,
And fain would have it ended;
But 'tis a curse supremely worse,
When with religion blended.

How vain to pray when brothers slay,
And shoot and kill each other;
You might as well mix heaven and hell
'Till each grows black as t'other.

THE APPLE TREE

An apple-tree said to its owner, one day,
As he frowned on its fruit barren limb,
If my owner to me no attention will pay,
I will pay no attention to *him*.

You suffered the worms on my foliage to feed,
And the borers to ruin my root;
And now I can tell you, old toper, indeed,
You will have to go wanting for fruit.

If the time that you spent at the groggery shop,
Had been spent killing borers and worms;
I might have been loaded with fruit to the top,
To be had on the easiest terms.

But alas, as it is, I'm an ill-looking tree,
That can show neither foliage nor fruit,
And my owner is still more degraded than me,
For the grog-shop has made him a brute.

O, what a rebuke it must surely have been,
To be told so much truth by a tree;
Methinks the old sot must have lengthened his chin,
And felt shame to the utmost degree.

A WORD TO "FRANK"

(By a Hen-Pecked Husband).

"Who'll have me, who'll have me,"
Some fair maiden cries;
"I'll have you, I'll have you,"
Some bach'lor replies;
Well, do, if you please,
But you'll rue it, dear knows,
For I've tried it myself,
And know just how it goes.

It goes well enough
Till the honeymoon's done,
And then, my dear fellow,
You'll find it no fun;
"Dear Mary" will scold,
And dear children will cry,
And dear me! what a time
You will have by and by.

Your head will be bruised,
And your heart will be broke,
Your neck will be noosed
In the tight "nuptial yoke."
Your peace will be gone,
And your happiness fled,
And you'll wish either you
Or "Dear Mary" were dead.

So take, my dear sir,
 The advice of a friend,
Before its too late,
 Your misfortune to mend;
Don't marry, don't marry,
 Whatever you do,
For Mary, Dear Mary,"
 Might turn out a shrew.

And then, my dear fellow,
 You'd better be dead,
For she'll wring your poor nose,
 And she'll hammer your head;
And she'll vex and perplex,
 Till she'll kill you with pain,
And next day she'll be crying
 "Who'll have me," again.

WISDOM AND FOLLY

Wisdom hangs his hopes on knowledge;
 Takes no stock in blind belief;
Folly makes blind faith his master,
 Aye to sense and reason deaf.

Wisdom bows not to coercion;
 Is not by assertion crammed;
Folly gulps the bare assertion—
 "Must believe or you'll be damned."

Wisdom knows there is no merit,
In believing this or that;
Folly thinks that forced believing,
Is required by God's fiat.

Wisdom knows man has no power,
His convictions to compel;
Folly thinks the "unbeliever,"
Must endure an endless hell.

Wisdom courts investigation,
Seeking still for clearer light;
Folly courts blind superstition,
Groping in primeval night.

Wisdom sets no bounds to knowledge;
Pins his faith to no one's sleeve;
Folly hugs some heathen dogma,
Crying still—"You must believe."

Wisdom knows he knows but little;
Never boasts of being wise;
Folly thinks his fund of knowledge,
Vast enough to line the skies.

A DAGUERREAN ADVERTISEMENT

Of all things of value to man upon earth,
There truly is nothing of more divine worth,
Than is the true likeness of those whom we love.
When they have departed to regions above.

For O, what a blessing it is when they're gone,
To have the true likeness of daughter or son,
Or father or mother, or husband or wife,
To show when they're dead, how they looked when
in life.

Then do not delay but secure while you can,
Those precious mementoes as taken by Swan;
Whose faithful camera gives wrinkles to age,
Gay beauty to youth and wise looks the sage.

And do not imagine that you are too fair,
Because you've pale cheeks and blue eyes and light
hair;

Nor that you're too homely because you've a nose
That's lengthy or crooked, or countenance morose.

Because the poor orphan or widow will be
As glad in their heart the loved features to see;
Of parent or husband whose looks were morose,
As though they'd been fair as the lily or rose.

Then haste on the bright silver surface to leave
Those features your friends will so gladly receive,
And keep as a sacred memento when you
Have bid them earth's last and heart-rending adieu.

A RIDDLE

What is it that is never here,
Yet always coming, always near;
Is never very far away,
But just beyond our reach for aye;
Is shyest still in broad day light,
And comes the nearest in the night,
But, like the Dutchman's flea, is gone,
Just when we put our fingers on;
Is neither red, blue, black, nor green,
And talked of much, yet never seen?
Tomorrow.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Let there be light, aye let it be,
And keep it shining bright,
Until its gleaming rays dispel,
Dark superstition's night

Let there be light till all the bats,
And hooting owls and moles
Of ignorance and bigotry,
Shall flee into their holes.

Let there be light, spark after spark,
In form of glowing thought,
Till every heathen dogma dark
Shall dwindle into naught.

Let there be light, once more we cry,
O, yes, let there be light,
And love, and liberty to do
Whate'er we think is right.

The love to brew, the will to do,
The light to show the good,
And liberty to make us free
To do the things we should.

O, love, O, light, O, liberty,
Fair trinity, all hail!
This world depraved can ne'er be saved
Till these on earth prevail.

Let there be love, let there be light,
Let there be liberty,
That all may see and do what's right,
And all mankind be free.

Deep may the tree of liberty,
In every land take root;
And light and love from heav'n above,
Mature its golden fruit.

THE HORSE

The Horse is king of quadrupeds,
We think all must allow;
For what were Agriculture,
With no horse to pull the plow?
How many hogs and cattle,
To our markets would be borne,
If 'twere not for the noble horse,
That cultivates the corn?
Why, all domestic animals,
And even man himself,
Would starve to death, all in a pile,
And lay upon the shelf,
If 'twere not for the faithful horse,
Who shoulders all the weight,
And draws to mail and market, too,
The farmer and his freight.
And yet one of those farmers,
(Whose views we can't endorse),
Declares that "heretofore our fairs
Have run too much to horse."
O fie on any farmer,
Whose ungrateful heart declares,
That there's too much attention paid
To horses at our fairs;
The horse is the foundation
Of every farm and fair,
And where his labor's fruits are shown,
We should not slight him there.

THE WAR

Grim War, I know,
Brings want and woe,
 And is corruption's curse;
Yet war is right
In those that fight
 To save from evils worse;

But wrong in those
Who dare oppose,
 The liberties of man,
By making 'might'
Their rule of right,
 To crush where'er they can.

But when such foes
Are found as those,
 Who rashly now rebel,
Against our laws,
For no good cause,
 To whip them would be well.

And hence I own—
Although I'm known
 To lean to Quaker views—
That if to fight
Was ever right,
 'Tis wrong to now refuse.

For if that power
Which at this hour
 Ignores the black man's rights,
Subdues our land,
Where'll be the hand
 From thrall to save poor whites?

Alas! what shame
Would blot our name,
 Should we ignobly kneel,
At southern beck,
And place our neck
 Beneath their tyrant heel.

Go, patriots, go,
And face the foe,
 Your land from thrall to save;
'Twere better far
To die in war,
 Than live and be a slave.

Cowards may feel
Disposed to kneel,
 And kiss the tyrant's rod;
But hearts of oak
Will spurn the yoke,
 And kneel to naught but God!

MUSINGS OF A MODEST MISS

There's a jolly sort of fellow,
Who has penn'd a thought like this;
"That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;"
But the trouble is to get it
So the sweetness don't forsake it,
So I tell you, saucy lover,
Just be careful how you take it.

For I never let a fellow
"Steal a march on me in this,"
Ne'er allow a saucy cockscomb
To insult me with a kiss;
"There's a royal way to kissing,"
But be careful how you take it,
For there's such a thing as missing,
And your mouth, a maid may break it.

"Any fool may face a cannon,
Any booby wear a crown,"
And a goose may kiss a woman,
Even though she knock him down;
But to win the "golden apple,"
Find the tree and gently shake it,
And if the fruit's worth having,
It will fall and you can take it.

Who would let a fellow kiss her,
 With red nose and bleary eye,
While a cud of foul tobacco,
 In his nasty mouth you spy?
"O, I tell you," I'd be spunky,
 And his mouth I'd surely break it,
If such a chap should want a kiss
 Of me, and try to "take it."

There's a motto that is prudent,
 And the pith of it is this—
Have a decent right to have it,
 Ere you dare to take a kiss;
Then if the mouth be tempting
 As a loving smile can make it,
And you're sure no one is peeping,
 "If you want a kiss, why, take it."

OSKALOOSA

I'm proud of our beautiful city,
 And glory in singing her fame,
Nor blush to embellish my ditty,
 With such a mellifluous name.

O, flourishing, fair Oskaloosa!
 Thou lovely hesperian town;
Thy poet a song shall produce thee,
 And sing thy wide-spreading renown.

The muses shall herald thy story,
Far over the wide-spreading world,
Till high on the ramparts of glory,
Thy banner of fame is unfurled.

And, drawn by thy charming location,
Mankind shall continue to come,
From every tribe, kindred and nation,
And make thee their flourishing home.

Thy foes thought to blacken thy story,
By keeping the State House away;
But vain were their efforts, thy glory
Shines brighter and brighter each day.

Kind Fortune has fixed thy foundation
On Nature's own thoroughfare grand;
And here on this "rock of salvation,"
As firm as Gibraltar thou'lt stand.

THE MYSTIC WHY

Why are our ears delighted so,
When sounds the serenade?
And why do dancers "tip the toe"
When violins are played?

When music thrills our being through,
We know emotions swell
Within the breast, but why they do,
No mortal tongue can tell.

All know 'tis true that mortals do
Enjoy good music well;
But if asked why, none can reply,
For none the why can tell.

The scientist may screw and twist,
And rack his learned brain;
And probe, and pry, to find the why,
Yet only pry in vain.

However much the mind may clutch,
As higher light we gain;
There always will be something still,
The mind cannot attain.

Some mystic why must ever lie,
Beyond all human ken;
In Nature's laws, the primal cause,
Can ne'er be known to men.

A PERT LITTLE LASSIE

I once wooed a pert little lassie,
As fair as the flowers of May;
But proud as old Satan, and sassy,
And always would have her own way.

So Wisdom and Prudence cried-tarry!
Young man, if you marry this fair;
You either must raise the old Harry,
Or live like a dog in despair.

So, thinking sage Wisdom quite prudent,
And deeming fair Prudence full wise;
I took their advice, like a student,
And smothered my puppy-love sighs.

And then I composed a wee sonnet,
And bid the fair lassie adieu;
And now I'm darned glad that I did it,
And hope the fair lassie is too.

SOCIAL CRUMBS

We had better love ten thousand,
Than to cherish love for none;
And who loves the greatest number,
Will be truest to some one.

I have found it so forever,
In the social walks of life;
For who loves all women purely,
Will be sure to love his wife.

And the love that's purely selfish,
Is not worthy of the name;
And the heart that's pure as heaven,
Never feels a sense of shame.

And the man who hates his neighbor,
Never truly loves his God;
And who lives at home a rascal,
Will be roguish when abroad.

For the man who lives dishonest,
With his children and his wife;
Will betray our trust in congress,
And in all the walks of life.

And if charity commences,
Right at home, as people claim;
Be assured that "honest honesty,"
Will always do the same.

And the man that's most suspicious,
Ever needs suspecting most;
And the man with guilty conscience,
Always fears to meet a ghost.

And who loves the greatest number,
With the purest kind of love;
Is the soul that's most in heaven,
Here on earth, or up above.

When our love is pure and holy,
And our conscience is at rest;
"Heaven's kingdom is within us"
And we feel that we are blest.

So, dear brother, and dear sister,
What's best for me and you;
Is to aim at honest living,
Ever-loving, kind and true.

OUR BOOKS AND YANKEE NOTIONS

This novel plan we take to tell
Our friends that we have oceans
Of Miscellaneous Books to sell,
And cords of Yankee Notions.

Our great supply of Books and Toys,
Affords a field that varies
To suit all tastes, from simp'ring boys
To sage octogenarians.

And to the Ladies, we would say,
Before we end our verses;
We'd like to have you come this way,
And not forget your purses.

Excuse our jokes; we're well aware
Your smiles are always sunny,
And make you welcome ev'rywhere,
Without the aid of money.

So, ladies, come and see our store,
And look around, and may be
You'll buy some toys, if nothing more,
To please the darling baby.

And if you have no babe at all,
We'll fit you out completely,
With one that has a charming squall,
And uses it discreetly.

LOVE

Folks talk about free-love
As if they were blind,
And thought there could be love
Of some other kind.

But whoever knew love
Submit to be bound?
Or has ever *true* love
In fetters been found?

You may chain the body,
And thus wound the heart;
But chaining affections,
Defies human art.

Young Cupid's a spirit,
With wings, and disdains
All efforts to hold him
In check or in chains.

The Greeks a God made him,
Long ages ago;
And can we enslave him?
Plain truth answers—No.

He lights where he pleases,
And flies when he wills,
Still free as the breezes
That blow o'er the hills.

Then why talk of *free-love*
As if we could find
Or thought there could be love
Of some other kind?

A SOLDIER WAG TO UNCLE SAM

That Slav'ry is the primal cause
Of all we now endure, Sam
From broken limbs to broken laws,
Is one thing very sure, Sam.

It is the bone upon the bridge
The dogs are fighting o'er, Sam
And if we'd kick it off the edge,
Methinks they'd fight no more, Sam.

So if you'll give us soldiers leave,
We'll kick the vile thing out, Sam;
And then, you see, the dogs will have
No bone to fight about, Sam.

The fighting then will soon subside,
And all the growling cease, Sam;
And over all the country wide,
The folks will live in peace, Sam.

What say you, then, shall this be done?
Or shall the bone remain, Sam,
In order to prolong the fun,
Or breed a fuss again, Sam?

With frankness, now, say this or that,
For some would like to hear, Sam,
Just what you'd have them driving at,
Before they volunteer, Sam.

The noble soldier when he fights,
Desires, of course, to know, Sam,
If 'tis for human wrongs, or rights,
He's call'd to face the foe, Sam.

He wants to battle in a cause,
That's worthy of his steel, Sam;
And then in hope of Heav'n's applause,
He'll fight the very De'il, Sam.

But if one hand must fight the son,
While 'tother hugs the sire, Sam,
You need not wonder if we run,
When brought to face the fire, Sam.

For who could fight with honest might,
To make the South come in, Sam.
Yet hug the while that Serpent vile,
That tempted her to sin, Sam,

A RIDDLE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

I am, it may be said,
Always green when I am red;
But I am not always seen
To be red when I am green;
But before my days are fled
I am black and green and red;
Yet the world is such a quack
That it always calls me black.

PAT AND HIS SOWL

They tell me I may lose my sowl,
And niver mair to foind it;
But lang's I'm snug at home mesilf,
I'm na the lad to moind it.

It is na for me sowl I care,
But for mesilf, bejabers;
And when mesilf is na in need,
Me care is for me nabors.

The praicher prates o' losing sowls
As though they were but lockets,
Or penknives, and the human race
Had howls in all their pockets.

Me sowl, what is it, only hew?
And why tak on about it?
If lost for gude, na doot hesilf
Cude mak some shift withoot it.

But if me sowl shude ha'e the luck
To reach the topmost story,
Or hiven's "hoose not made with hands,"
To join in sangs o'glory.

What gude wad *its* gude luck do *me*?
Me time wad I employ it,
Just standing off and looking on
To see me sowl enjoy it?

Or will it be the end o' me
When daith strips off me gearing?
If 'tis, I'll na be round to see
Which way me sowl is steering.

But, faith, I'm mair inclined to think
That daith is simply leaving
The airthly form, and floating off
In life that's mair achieving.

'Tis true, as lang's we're wrapt in clay,
And use the airthly vision,
We canna see our dying frinds
Float off in life elysian.

But they wha ha'e the "*second sight*,"
Clarivoyance, as they name it,
Ha'e seen it with supreme delight,
And candidly proclaim it.

PRINTERS TOIL

Blow, ye stormy winds of winter;
Drive the chilly drifting snow;
Closely housed the busy printer,
Heeds not how the winds may blow.

Click, click, click, his type go dropping,
Here and there upon the case,
As he stands for hours, popping
Every letter in its place.

Heaven send the useful printer,
Every comfort mortals need!
For our nights were dull in winter,
Had we not the news to read.

Sad would be the world's condition,
If no printer boys were found;
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

Yea, it is the busy printer,
Rolls the car of knowledge on;
And a gloomy mental winter,
Soon would reign if he were gone.

Money's useful, yet the minters
Fill not half so high a place
As the busy, toiling printers,
Fing'ring type before the case.

Yet while type they're busy setting,
Oft some thoughtless popin jay,
Leaves the country, kindly letting
Printers "whistle for their pay."

O, ingratitude ungracious!
Are there on enlighten'd soil,
Men with minds so incapacious,
As to slight the printer's toil?

See him, how extremely busy,
Fing'ring type before the case;
Toiling till he's almost dizzy,
To exalt the human race.

Long life to the art of printing,
Here on happy freedom's soil!
'And with joys that know no stinting,
Heaven reward the printer's toil!

WIT AND WONDER

What is nothing? Who can see it?
Wonder asks, and Wit replies:
It is what the world was made of;
Seen by those who shut their eyes.

RESPECT THE LABORER

If there is aught on earth that I
Despise, it is, I'm sure,
The wealthy fool who feels himself
Above the toiling poor.

And fitly may I call him fool,
Who pampered on his pelf,
Scorns those whom if it were not for,
He'd have to toil himself.

'Tis labor tills the teeming soil,
And brings the bread we carve;
And he who frowns on honest toil,
Deserves indeed to starve.

How mean it sounds to men of sense,
To hear the rich deride
The class whose toil bears the expense,
Of all their pomp and pride.

Suppose a case, you wealthy fools,
Who cast contempt on labor,
And scorn to notice in the street,
In honest toiling neighbor.

Suppose the Lord should call away,
From earth the lab'ring classes,
And leave you here alone to bray,
For food like hungry asses.

Would not your pride begin to fall?
And you with hearts dejected,
Confess that lab'ring classes all
Deserve to be respected,

CHARMING ALCINA, THE PRIDE OF
THE WEST

Let Burns sing his Anna, his Jean, and his Nannie,
And Moore sing each lass that could light up his
breast;
But mine be the duty to sing of the beauty,
And charms of Alcina, the Pride of the West.

Her beauty is charming, her kindness is warming,
Her blithesome demeanor can ne'er be expressed;
So graceful and active, and sweetly attractive,
Is charming Alcina, the Pride of the West.

Her air is vivacious, but ne'er ostentatious;
Her step is as light as the heart in her breast;
Her sweet conversation is all animation—
Our charming Alcina, the Pride of the West.

Her ways they are winning, and in her eye shining,
The "sly little Cupid" peeps out from his nest;
And many a heart knows how deeply his dart goes,
When shot from Alcina, the Pride of the West.

Each ice-hearted stoic, no longer heroic,
Beholding her, feels a deep pang in his breast;
And captured, confounded, all sighing and wound-
ed,
Makes love to Alcina, the Pride of the West.

Wherever she travels her beauty outrivals
The fairest she meets of the loved and caressed;
In feature still sweetest, in figure far neatest,
Is charming Alcina, the Pride of the West.

Of all the fair lasses e'er sung on Parnassus,
Not one with her charms could have e'er stood
the test;
The bonniest flower in Beauty's own bower,
Could match not Alcina, the Pride of the West.

And whoe'er shall get her, in love's willing fetter,
Will be of all mortals most charmingly blest;
But woe to each lover who loses forever
Sweet, charming Alcina the Pride of the West.

THE POOR MAN'S SOLILOQUY

Hard fate has done his worst at length—
Deprived of health, deprived of strength;
And out of bread and out of meat;
And out of everything to eat;
And out of house and out of home;
And out upon the world to roam;
And out at heels, and out at toes,
And out of money, and of clothes;
And out of everything, God knows,
That in the slightest measure goes
To save man from the cruel blows
Of poverty's dire wants and woes:

And out of all that ease or Art
Or Nature yields to soothe the smart
Of keen Misfortune's cruel dart —
Save that I am not out of heart.
I still have hope that there is love
For poor misfortune's child Above,
From whence good angels come to keep
Watch o'er the poor man's peaceful sleep,
Lulling him into sounder rest,
And sweeter dreams that e'er the breast,
Of king or monarch ever guessed.
'Tis thus the Fates still bring to me.
The Heav'n and Hell of Poverty.

THE TRUTH

The truth is like a tickle grass,
That's crawling up your pants;
The more you try to shake it down,
The more it will advance.

And when you think you've crushed it out,
How often have you found
It's climbing up your under-clothes,
And creeping all around?

Just so with Truth, immortal Truth;
It can not be subdued,
The more you try to fight it down,
The more it will intrude.

'Tis quite amusing to observe
The crafty schemes and rules,
Brought into use to fence it out,
From colleges and schools.

They know by sad experience,
How rapidly it climbs;
And what a sorry job they have
To keep it down sometimes.

When through the church or state it creeps,
O, what a fuss it breeds;
And how they strive to keep it out,
Of politics and creeds.

O, Truth! immortal Truth! thou art
A most mischievous thing;
But no one hates thee quite so much,
As does the Pope or King.

They know the truth would bring them down,
Like torn and tailless kites;
And leave mankind at liberty
To all have equal rights.

MY OWN EPITAPH

Here lie beneath these silent stones,
My cold, deserted, lifeless bones;
They're now of no more use to me,
I've gone above—just let them be.

MY LOVE IS RICH AND I AM POOR

O, were my love yon lily fair,
And I yon op'ning rose,
Which close beside the lily there
In peace and beauty blows;
O, were her portion poverty,
And mine the wealth to buy
The charms of art to win her heart,
How happy then were I.

But O, alas! it cannot be,
Such lot can ne'er be mine;
Hard fate forbids my destiny
Should e'er be so divine.
My love is rich and I am poor,
She will not smile on me;
And here I lie, in vain to sigh,
Bound down by poverty.

I dreamed last night that Lura dear
Clung closely to my side,
And pressed her silk-soft cheek to mine,
And said she'd be my bride.
I drew her to my faithful breast,
And thought my lot divine,
And, O, a heart was ne'er so blest
As this fond heart of mine.

But, O, the bliss I found in this,
'Twas but one transient gleam;
Ere long I'd slept, I woke and wept,
To find it all a dream.
O, Lura dear, in wild despair,
My soul repines for thee;
And here I lie, in vain to sigh,
Bound down by poverty.

CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS

Kind partents, all-hail and a happy New Year!
A jolly old time and a day of good cheer;
A house full of friends and a heart full of joy,
Is the New Year's salute of your Carrier Boy.

And here, worthy patrons, I wish to remark,
That the year Eighty-three has gone out like a
spark;
He acted his part to the last on the stage,
Lived out all his days and just died of old age;

Last midnight he silently breathed out his last,
And now sleeps his long sleep in the tomb of the
past;
With all of his hap'nings, his ups and his downs,
His pains and his pleasures, his smiles and his
frowns,
He has past, he has been, but shall be never more,
And we've now on our hands the young year
Eighty-four.

All-hail, young successor of old Eighty-three!
What changes immense in thy reign we may see;
The future is hid, but in God be our trust,
Our counselors wise and our government just;
Let partisan politics die of neglect,
And Policy's ship run aground and be wrecked;
Let Justice alone be our national guide,
And our good ship of state will rock safe o'er the
 tide.

I know, worthy friends, I am classed among boys,
And cannot expect to produce a great noise;
But if I should happen some truths to express
Don't think I got some one to write my address;
Sometimes it has happened in spite of their size,
The weak things of earth have dumbfounded the
 wise,

So if I should happen to strike a good lick,
Kind reader, don't make up your verdict too quick,
And from the conclusion that somebody older
Has stood at my back and struck over my shoulder.
Remember we juvenile imps of Old Nick,
Are pretty well practiced in wielding our stick.

It has long been a custom—and custom is king,
That carrier boys once a year must all sing;
Fast boys all the year, but today must be faster,
For each must turn poet—at least poetaster.
No wonder we bear the same cognomination,
Of him who misled our most ancient relation;

He turned to a serpent 'tis said I believe,
And thus disguise tempted grandmother Eve;
While we, his young namesakes, turn poets at
pleasure.

And try the temptation of language in measure.

He tempted mankind out of bliss into sin;
And we tempt him out of a trifle of tin;
His motives were evil we all must suppose,
But ours are all honest and right, heaven knows;
For who could object to so harmless a way,
As the Carrier's mode of obtaining his pay?
'Tis only a very agreeable dun,
Which only enhances our holiday fun.
Some misers don't like very well, it is true,
To honestly give the poor "Devil his due;"
And some too may think—who have purses quite
narrow,
"The Devil's to pay and the money to borrow."
But most of our patrons will spread a broad grin,
Like good honest fellows, and fork out the tin;
And if they don't happen to have it just then,
They'll make it all right when they see us again.

Kind patrons, King Custom has made it a rule,
(And whoever breaks it is banished from school,)
That the Carrier Boy in his New Year's Address,
Must scarcely do more, and most surely no less,
Than to give a synopsis of all the state news
Of the year that has passed; and the song of his
muse

Must intrude on your time in dull rhyme to run o'er
A resume of the news you have read long before,

In the sheets that have weekly been brought to your
door.

O, mercy, of holiday time what a waste,
Besides what a downright insult to good taste;
But, reader, this rule, we have only to say,
Is a rule which we do not intend to obey;
King Custom may go to the dogs with his rule,
At present we're tending a far better school,
Whose teacher has taught us, through life ever
hence,

To walk by no rule but the rule of good sense;
And I deem it good sense in a newsboy so young,
To not tax older folks with too much of his tongue;
So I promise erelong, if the muse will permit,
To reduce my remarks to a focus and quit.
But before I conclude I will call your attention
To a few other things which perhaps I should men-
tion

The Record does all that it can for your town,
And by it your city is gaining renown;
The world is beginning to think its location
Is right in the center of all creation;
And this right impression is more or less made
By facts in the Record correctly portrayed;
And bearing the Record shall be my employ,
So spare a few dimes for the Carrier Boy.

A railroad to run from the east to the west,
By your fair county seat is no longer a jest;
Besides, that some other roads ought to come here,
Still plainer and plainer begins to appear;

And surely this state of affairs more or less,
Is caused by the aid of your own county press;
So while such a state of affairs you enjoy,
Pray, be not unkind to the Carrier Boy.

You lawyers so witty, you sages so wise,
You preachers, well fed on fat chickens and pies;
You doctors who kindly relieve us from pain,
Or fix us, at least, so we cease to complain;
You storekeepers, grocers and carpenters too,
Be manly, and give the poor Devil his due;
And you, you sweet lasses, so lovely and coy,
Remember what's due to the Carrier Boy.

But this I will say, you enchanting young misses,
Your debt's easy paid, for I'll take it in kisses;
So smack away freely, and be not afraid,
But only remember, if thus it is paid,
To keep it untold or you'll raise a great evil,
For people would plague you for kissing the Devil;
And thus they would grieve you and sorely annoy,
For harmlessly kissing the Carrier Boy.

And now, in concluding my New Year's Address,
I wish in appropriate words to express
My thanks for the dimes I have kindly been paid,
As the proper reward for the newsmongers trade.
I thank you, kind friends from the uttermost part
Of the lowest recess of my juvenile heart;
May all of earth's blessings be yours to enjoy,
Is the winding up wish of your Carrier Boy.

IT IS NOT RIGHT

It is not right for some to live
Upon the toil of others,
And ever get far more than give,
When all mankind are brothers.

It is not right for sordid rogues
To bloat with unearned riches,
While honest toilers freeze and starve
And dig in mines and ditches.

It is not right for those who toil
To build the wealth of nations,
To be such drudges all their lives,
And get such scanty rations.

It is not right for toiling souls
To shove jack-planes and shovels
To build palatial homes for drones,
Yet live themselves in hovels.

It is not right, it is not just,
But 'tis the thing that's surest,
For those who do the hardest work
To always live the poorest.

It is not right for wealth to go
From toiling hands that make it,
To feed and fatten rogues and drones
Who legislate to take it.

It is not right for Government,
When all mankind are brothers,
To lend the people's cash to some
So cheap, but not to others.

These things are wrong; they should not be,
And if not shortly mended,
Farewell to thee, dear Liberty,
Thy days will soon be ended.

MY JEANIE IS DEAD

My Jeanie is dead, and my heart it is sair;
Nae mair of this world do I crave;
I was a poor orphan, but now I am mair,
As lonely I sit by her grave!

The day is delightless; the night is a'gloom,
Asleep or awake I still weep;
In dreams o' the night I still visit her tomb,
And sorrow and sigh in my sleep.

Ye birds o'the wildwoods, in mercy forbear!
Your sangs only highten my woe;
They mind me o' Jeanie, and joys that nae mair
Can fall to my lot here below.

I care na to work, I care na to play;
Life now has nae pleasures for me;
Wherever I wander, wherever I stray,
My heart has nae wish but to dee.

PEG ROONY

O what shall I do for Peg Rooney?
For her I do naething but sigh;
She's, O, sae bewitchingly bonnie,
Gin I can na get her I'll die.

Awa' wi' your gay bauldy ladies,
Sae flashing and fine to the e'e;
Baith them and their wealthy ould daddies
May gae to the duce for a' me.

But gie me my charming Peg Rooney,
Whatever her fortune may be;
The lass I lo'e dearest of any
Maun aye be the lassie for me.

Wi' sic a braw lass for my dearie,
The hearth o' the lowliest cot
Wad glow wi' contentment sae cheerly,
What laird wad na envy my lot?

Could winter reigns ruthless and dreary,
And boreal winds wildly blaw;
But gie me the lass I lo'e dearly,
And welcome ye winds and ye snaw.

O what shall I do for Peg Rooney?
For her I do naething but sigh;
She's, O, sae bewitchingly bonnie,
Gin I can na get her I'll die.

MY CREED

My creed is very short and plain,
And harmless as a baby;
It is---“Do all the good you can,
And little harm as may be.”

O, if mankind would all adopt
This creed so briefly given,
All sin and discord would be stopped,
And earth be one with heaven.

But while men preach that to believe
And be baptized will save us
From all the guilt and gall of sin,
They all the more deprave us.

Or if they teach that heathen creed,
That priests have power to pardon;
It only serves our sinful hearts,
In wickedness to harden.

Such creeds as these may do to please
All kinds of pious sinners;
They serve, at least, to bring the priest
Fine robes and fancy dinners.

So long's you teach that Jesus' blood,
Or being dipped in water,
Can wash the murderess guilt away,
You license him to slaughter.

Then let us teach the living truth,
That there is no evading,
The moral pangs of sins that set
Stung conscience to upbraiding.

And may our creed—'tis all we need,
For each and every day be,
Do all the good you know you should,
And little harm as may be.

THE REIGN OF LOVE

Pure love unlocks the human breast,
And gives its wealth to others;
When each one cares for all the rest,
Mankind will all be brothers.

Then let us cultivate pure love,
For 'tis the law of heaven;
The only law that's known above
Where sins are all forgiven.

Oh! let us pray, heaven send the day,
When no man hates his brother;
But all the law of love obey,
For then we'll need no other.

That heavenly time will know no crime,
No law nor legislation;
But hand in hand all souls will band,
To find their true salvation.

The only road that leads above,
And lands the soul in heaven,
Leads through the elysian land of love,
Where sins are all forgiven.

When love alone sits on the throne,
And rules by moral suasion,
There'll be no need of law nor creed,
Nor schemes for law's evasion.

For love will then constrain all men,
And women too, to labor,
With heart and hand all o'er the land,
To bless each friend and neighbor.

No tyrants then will rule o'er men,
Nor misers filch from others;
For love will plead the poor man's need,
And all will live like brothers.

CUPID

'Tis well that Love is blind, I trow;
For if he had good eyes,
Some objects he adores so now,
He then could but despise.

It would not do for Love to see
The meanness of mankind;
And hence the allwise Deity
Made little Cupid blind.

The little god of love, if he
Had eyes with which to spy,
Would sicken at the sights he'd see,
"Give up the ghost," and die.

But nature, always good and wise,
In blessing man and wife,
Made little Cupid without eyes,
To save his precious life.

And it is well; for Love should live,
To offset human hate,
And move the heart of man to give
Protection to his mate.

So kindly treat the little god,
For though he has no eyes,
He has a pair of little wings,
With which sometimes he flies.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

(Written in 1862)

Time will heal the deepest sorrow;
Troubles never last for aye;
Bright the sun may shine to-morrow,
Though the clouds be dark to-day.

Fear not, brothers, fear no tempest
That shall rage and never cease;
War may come to scourge our nation,
But when humbled, we'll have peace.

When our national sins are punished,
Till repenting rulers cry,
Let the bondman have his freedom,
Clearer soon will grow the sky.

Be not, then, too much dejected,
Though our country's wounds be sore;
When the "Higher Law's" respected
Heav'n will ply the lash no more.

Work and wait with faith and patience;
Trust in God, and strike for right;
Onward there's "a good time coming;"
Day succeeds the darkest night.

Time will heal the deepest sorrow;
Troubles never last for aye;
Bright the sun may shine to-morrow,
Though the clouds be dark to-day.

INDEPENDENCE

The man of independent mind
Is noble in mine eyes,
But those who court the pop'lar wind,
I do indeed despise.

"I'd rather be," as Shakespeare says,
"A kitten, and cry mew,"
Than one of those time-saving slaves,
Of whom we've not a few.

And who, if party leaders say
That three and one are two,
Will everyone be found straightway
Contending that 'tis true.

It is our independent souls,
That never flinch nor fawn,
Who wield the power that sternly rolls
The ball of Progress on.

Our independent papers, too,
When they are strictly so,
Do very much, indeed, towards
Man's progress here below.

"In all things independent," is
Our motto free and broad;
Which means, in other words, to bend
The knee to naught but God.

A noble sentiment, indeed;
Well suited for all wise
And noble minded men of worth
To freely patronize.

Let Independence be sustained,
Where'er it may be found;
Thus holding every inch that's gained
Of Freedom's holy ground.

Till through the freedom of the Press,
And of the tongue and pen,
All shall with liberty express
Their views like honest men.

Till universal freedom, both
Of body and of mind,
And equal rights to all, shall be
The motto of mankind.

And then, and not till then, shall come
The long-approaching day,
When swords shall turn to pruning hooks,
And wars be done away.

And then shall universal peace,
Good-will and love abound,
And want, and woe, and wickedness,
Be no where to be found.

WE MET BUT ONCE

We met but once, and parted soon;
But ere we separated,
We knew we loved each other well—
Magnetically mated.

Few words were passed; few thoughts exchanged;
Few looks—and all was ended;
We severed then, alas, for life,
Two hearts so sweetly blended.

Long years have rolled their months away,
And life has been but dreary,
For never have mine eyes again
Beheld that darling dearie.

How sad it seems to blend but once,
Then separate for ever
Two hearts that beat as only one,
And bleed whene'er they sever.

“Whatever is, is right,” says Pope;
Alas! he surely never
Met one so dear, but only once,
Then lost that joy forever.

Sad is each heart when lovers part,
If made for mates eternal;
But, O, the bliss beyond the grave
To meet in scenes supernal.

TWO JAWS.

“The jaws of Death” may dreadful sound
To him who has no scolding wife,
But he who has, you may be bound,
Will dread far more the “jaws” of life.

REPLY TO THE “BACHELOR”

Great Sir:—

Your stuff, which you have rightly named
“*Dish-water Poetry*,” I’ve seen;
And faith, I think you’ll soon be famed
For being *verdant*, alias *green*.

I want a man, I must confess,
But sir, I’ll want throughout all time,
Before I’ll marry your, unless
You look much better than you rhyme.

For if your features are as rough,
As are the products of your pen,
Your very looks must be enough
To scare the devil from his den.

“*A Bachelor*” no doubt you are,
Who would be throwing Cupid’s darts;
But from your rhymes I’m free to swear
You are no “*Bachelor of Arts*.”

At least, the *art* of writing verse,
You have not learned, for I declare,
A piece of dog'rel metr'd worse
I never witnessed anywhere.

There's not *one stanza* 'mong them all—
And there are some fifteen or so—
In which the accents rightly fall,
And true syllabic numbers flow.

But right or wrong, good, bad or worse,
You scribble on as chance may lead;
Which makes your flat, emetic verse
“*Dish-water poetry*” indeed.

And now, great sir, since thus *you* gave
A chart of what your wife must be,
I'll sing the traits that he must have,
Who would presume to marry *me*.

He must, at least, have sense enough,
To never make me blush with shame,
By publishing *prosaic stuff*,
In poetry's much-honored name.

I mean, if he is truly not
By nature born to be a poet,
I want to see that he has got
Good sense enough, at least, to know it.

And he must be a husband good,
Who will not make his wife a slave,
By leaving her to "*chop the wood*,"
While he starts off to act the "brave",

By loafing round some liquor sink,
And getting "high" and swearing oaths,
And spending dimes enough for drink,
To keep his wife in decent clothes.

And now, great sir, I wish to say,
In winding up my little sonnet,
"*A Bachelor*" you'd better stay,
If you're "*too poor to buy a bonnet*."

THE FOND LOVER'S FINAL FAREWELL

How painful it is for true lovers to part,
No framing of language can tell;
Yet often it happens and many a heart
Is broken in bidding Farewell.

That sorrowful word, while the tear drop is shed,
To the heart seems the funeral knell
Of all that is dear, when by fond lovers said,
As they bid one another Farewell.

Of all the sad words that fond lovers can speak,
While the tears of unhappiness swell,
None send such a flood o'er the sorrowful cheek,
As the painful expression—Farewell!

O! 'tis the sad apex of agony pure,
The woe that no woe can excel;
No anguish of heart is more hard to endure,
Than the fond lover's final Farewell!

A. SONG

As Robin was plowing old Dobbin one day,
While small birds were singing all sweetly and gay,
A mocking-bird, perched on a tree, warbled long,
And this was the chorus that ended his song:
Ge O ho, Dobbin,
Hi O ho, Robin,
Ge O ho, Dobbin,
Ge hip and ge whow.

Now Robin grew angry at this and said he,
Confound you! I'll fix you for mocking at me,
Then threw a great rock, but said he you'r too
young,
And flying still higher, still warbled and sung:
Ge O ho, Dobbin,
Hi O ho, Robin,
Ge O ho, Dobbin,
Ge hip, and ge whow.

"THE SIN OF USURY."

The usurer a spider is,
Who makes your farm his own;
'Tis reckoned yours, but turns out his,
Although he's but a drone.

He weaves his cunning mortgage-net,
And into it you fall;
And often though you toil and sweat
You ne'er get out at all.

He labors not, yet lives at ease,
In luxury and pride;
And, like the drones of honey-bees,
Eats what poor slaves provide.

He raises not one peck of wheat,
Earns not one single thing,
Yet plenty has to wear and eat,
As any lord or king.

No wonder Jesus felt contempt
For such unholy crimes,
And from God's Temple ousted out
The drones of ancient times.

But we've a right to wonder much
That preachers nowadays,
"*The sin of Usury*" ne'er touch,
Unless to sing its praise.

But such is life, and such is man;
 'Tis "money rules the roast;"
The poor pay preachers all they can,
 But money-lords pay most.

Believing that their only chance
 To win the Lord's good will,
They freely to the church advance,
 To pay their heavenly bill.

And this is why our ministers,
 Such deathly silence keep
About "*the sin of usury*"—
 Of which they never cheep.

"BACHELOR BUCK"

O dear, the poor Locos have met with bad luck;
They never can come it with "Bachelor Buck,"
For the women all cry, and the girls, large and
 small,
"O, ne'er make the White House a bachelor's hall!"

By everything sacred we ladies declare
No Bach shall e'er sit in the President's chair,
Such a downright insult to the feminine race,
 We're resolved and determined shall never
 take place.

No woman of spirit can ever abide
An old bach o'er our nation's affairs to preside;
And the beaux will all find that their sweet-hearts
 have pluck,
For they'll "mitten" them sure as they vote for
 Old Buck.

Why, the selfish old cub, if we're truthfully told,
Is a rusty old bach five and sixty years old;
And the naughty old dog who the women so slights,
And his friends, shall find out that we women have
 "rights."

And one of our rights—be it modestly told—
Is the right every evening our husbands to scold
In a long "curtain lecture," to show them our pluck;
And this right we'll maintain if they vote for "Old
 Buck."

For we never could stand it, with tongues in our
 head,
Which are hung in the middle, as truthfully said,
In silent submission their clothes still to patch,
If our husbands should vote for that rusty Old
 Bach.

Another right claimed—and it's surely our best—
Is our right to be angels, and make the men blest;
And to practice this right is the thing that we want,
If the men will but vote for the gallant Fremont.

So all ye good husbands and lovers take heed,
For we women and girls are in earnest, indeed;
And our cry is, to young men and old men and
all—
O, ne'er make the "White House" a bachelor's
hall!

A THRIBUTE

The Memory of Charles W. Bardrick, who fell at the Battle of
Pittsburg Landing.

Poor Charlie was an orphan boy,
Who served his country well;
While others quailed, he faltered not,
But bravely fought and fell.

A ruthless rebel cannon ball
Took off his youthful head—
Oh, horrid fortune thus to fall!
Who saw might well have said:

Poor boy, it grieves me much to hear,
So sad a fate was thine!
Yet what avails this falling tear,
This pitying heart of mine?

Alas! I know it must be borne,
No sorrow now can save;
But still I cannot help but mourn
For one so young and brave.

'Tis sad to view thy miniature
 Within its golden case,
While fancy hears the cannon roar,
 Which rent that youthful face

Poor orphan boy, I weep for thee,
 Yet one fond hope is given,
The hope that thou art gone to meet
 Thy parents dear in Heaven.

THE SLEIGHING PARTY

"Are all aboard,
And safely stored?"
 The foremost driver bellows;
Then off we start,
Away we dart,
 A jolly set of fellows.

Away, away,
So light and gay,
 We skim like any shingle;
And o'er the fells,
The merry bells
 Go jingle, jingle, jingle.

Not oft, I ween,
Has e'er been seen,
 Young men so blithe and hearty,
Or girls so fair
As those that share
 Our jolly sleighing party.

O, how our glee,
And laughter, free,
 Still with the sleighbells mingle.
As here we go,
All in a row—
 Jingle, jingle, jingle.

The snow is white,
The moon shines bright,
 The frost is glittering freezy;
Our horses prance,
Our hearts all dance,
 Go glide away so easy.

We laugh and sing,
While echoes ring,
 Through all the woodland dingle,
And merry bells,
In all the dells,
 Go jingle, jingle, jingle.

O, who would miss
A ride like this,
 With merry lads and lasses,
For all the flowers,
And shady bowers,
 E'er sung on famed Parnassus.

Let southrons prize
Their sunny skies,
 Where fruits and flow'rs commingle,
But give to me
Their buxom glee,
 Where sleighbells jingle, jingle.

A PARODY ON POE'S "RAVEN."

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I ponder'd, drunk and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
 Lingo of the drunkard's lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of something rudely rapping,
 Rapping on my head before.
" 'Tis the Devil, sure," I mutter'd,
 "Flirting up my cabin floor—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And my toes upon an ember,
 Burned themselves till very sore.
Nothing thought I of the morrow;
All I cared for, was to borrow
From my jug, surcease of sorrow—
 Sorrow for the precious ore—
For the shining gold and silver
Spent for grog at Grundy's store—
Spent, and gone for evermore.

And the flick'ring, dim, uncertain
Rustling of my fancy's curtain,
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic
 Feelings never felt before;
So that now, moved by the beating
Of my brains, I lay repeating
Oaths that fairly shook the sheeting,
 And the panels in the door—
"Floor!" said I, "your friendly greeting
Set my head all in a roar—"
This I said—and vastly more.

Presently my legs grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
Up I rose, and said, "Sir, truly
 Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so rudely you came rapping,
That I thought it was the Devil,
 Flirting up my cabin floor,
Knocking me upon the noodle—"
 Here I opened wide the door:
 Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Headlong out of doors careering
Went I, pitching, reeling, veering,
 As I'd often done before.
Night's lone stillness now was broken—
And my shins, too—on an oaken
Tub, whose hull I, in the darkness,
 Ran against and tumbled o'er;
Waking half the town with racket
 And the drunken oaths I swore—
 Waking folks, but nothing more.

Then into the house returning,
With my shins all bruised and burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
 Somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
 And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
 And this mystery explore—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more.

Open here I flung the shutter,
When a serpent, slick as butter,
With a kind of squirming flutter,
 Flirted in upon the floor;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
 Moved toward me on the floor;
Then, like lightning, down my boot-leg
 Darted past the burning sore,
 Where the tub my breeches tore.

Then this ebony snake beguiling
All my senses, kept them roiling,
Till I, in delirium tremens,
 Saw great snakes all round the floor--
One of which, with eyes all flaming,
Chiefly my attention claiming;
"There," said I, "is one worth naming,"
 As he slid the rest all o'er—
"Tell me, monster, what thy name is
 On the Night's Plutoian shore!"
Quoth the serpent "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly
Snake to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer, doubtless, mainly,
 Some slight relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being,
Ever spent his time in "spreeing"
 Without bringing to his door
Brutalizing degradation,
 Which is often sad and sore,
And departeth never more.

But the snake, with eyes all flaming,
And in hissing tones exclaiming
That one word, as if his soul in
 That one word he did outpour;
Nothing farther spoke or sputter'd—
Not another accent utter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd—
 “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me,
 As my hopes have flown before.”
Then the snake said Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken,
By reply so aptly spoken,
From an arm-chair old and oaken,
 Up I sprang and rudely swore—
Rudely swore and vainly vaunted—
Drunkard-like, and all undaunted—
That I'd be no longer haunted
 By that reptile on the floor!
Seizing then the chair, I brought it
 Crashing down upon the floor—
And that chair rock'd never more.

But the serpent still beguiling,
And my utmost efforts foiling,
Live as ever still lay coiling
 Calm and cozy as before.
Then, my spirits somewhat sinking,
I betook myself to drinking,
Like a drunken blockhead, thinking
 That the jug's inspiring store
Might assist me in divining
 What that reptile on the floor
 Meant in hissing "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the snake, whose fiery eyes now
 Burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat and pondered,
Till my drunken fancy wandered,
Down to Grundy's, where I'd squandered
 All my purse of shining ore,
But which purse of shining treasure,
 Though my needs were ne'er so sore,
I shall grasp, ah, never more!

Then my dizzy mind grew denser,
And my drunkenness intenser,
And the snakes squirm'd worse than ever,
 In my boots, and on the floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,
By these serpents he hath sent thee,
Torment—torment—oh, repent thee,
 And for help kind Heav'n implore—
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,,
 And allay this torment sore!"
Quoth the serpent "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if snake or devil!—
Wearing the ophidian figure,
 As in pristine days of yore,
When thy deep, alluring powers,
Almost, in the Eden bowers,
Ruin'd all this world of ours—
 Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Whisky?
 Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the serpent "Nevermore."

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—
Prophet still, if snake or devil!
By that mystic taunt uncivil—

By this jug, which I adore—
Tell me wherefore thus I’m haunted,
And with hopeless fortune taunted?
Must I ne’er again be granted

Peaceful moments as of yore?
Shall my former friends and fortune
Ne’er again attend my door?”
Youth the serpent “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting,
Snake or fiend!” I shriek’d, upstarting,
And toward the doorway darting,

Tread the slipp’ry serpent’s o’er;
But that narrow passage missing,
And my face the door-cheek kissing,
Down I fell among the hissing,

Squirming serpents on the floor—
“Zounds!” I cried, “and can I never,
Never flee this torment sore?”
Quoth the serpent “Nevermore”

And the serpent, never leaving,
Still is weaving, still is weaving
Round my soul his chains of charming,
 Tighter still than e'er before;
And I'm growing every hour
More completely in his power;
And he charms but to devour
 When all self-control is o'er;
And my soul from out that serpent
 Which lies coiling on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—never more!

MORAL

Man, the moral of these verses
Is, that drinking whisky curses,
With not only empty purses,
 But with many a torment sore;
Stop, then, youngster, stop and ponder,
Ere for grog one dime you squander,
Never once from temp'rance wander,
 Never, never, I implore.
And if e'er the stuff you've tasted,
E'er your day of grace is wasted,
 Vow to do so never more.

DUALITY

Byron
Doth say
The world
Is hay,
And man
At large
'The asses
That tug
And pull;
And great
John Bull,
The chief
Of all
He classes.

But if
The view
Some hold
Be true,
The world's
A game
Of seven,
Twixt God
And Nick,
And man's
The trick,
Still swept
To hell
Or heaven.

A VIEW FROM THE "NEEDHAM HOUSE"

(Written in 1856)

High on the "Needham House" I stood,
One pleasant eventide,
And, wrapped in deep poetic mood,
I viewed the landscape wide.

Fair Oskaloosa down below,
"Out-spreading far and wide,"
Was basking in the sunset glow,
And pros'pring in her pride.

And forests, fields and verdant plains,
Far stretching East and West,
Revealed Mahaska's rich domains,
Out-spread o'er Nature's breast.

O, what an aspect I exclaimed,
As o'er the boundless scene,
I cast my far-extending view,
As o'er a sea of green.

This "Needham House," thought I, will be
Worth hundreds to our place;
For here the traveling world may see
Mahaska's lovely face.

High on this house the traveler may,
With joy and wonder stand,
And in one boundless view survey
Our fair and fertile land.

Here he may stand and cast an eye
In all directions round,
With naught except the circling sky
His view's extent to bound.

Beholding farms and dwellings spread
O'er all the plain below,
Where howling wolves and red men roamed
A few short years ago.

A SONG

The sun is gone down o'er the hills in the west,
Fair Nature sleeps calm in her eventide rest;
It is the soft hour wi' a' her sweet charms,
To welcome my Jeanie once mair to my arms.

Our parish can boast mony maids that are braw,
But Jeanie for beauty is queen o' them a';
She's innocent, artless, good-humored and free,
And blithe as the lambkins that loup o'er the lea.

Now perched on her bush-top in eventide lay,
The mavis is bidding goodbye to the day;
And soon she will roost in her thornbush secure,
And aff to my Jeanie I'll trip o'er the muir.

I'll slight na my Jeanie because she is poor,
For, O, who the choice for one momene could doubt.
For, O, who the choice for one moment could doubt
A cot wi' my Jeanie or a palace without.

WORTH AND BEAUTY

Worth and beauty both in one,
Shineth like the morning sun;
But if they do not combine,
Dim the rays of either shine.

THE YANKEE BOYS AND PUMPKINS

Some Yankee bard to show his wit,
And makes our sides with laughter split,
Has gone to work, I see, and writ,
 Some rhymes about the pumpkin.

In which he seems to eulogize,
That Yankee fruit of wondrous size;
And tells us of his country's pies,
 And all about the pumpkin.

But as for me I neither prize,
Nor pumpkin heads nor pumpkin pies;
Nor bards who would to fame arise,
 By writing on the pumpkin.

But still I'd rather not offend,
My pumpkinizing Yankee friend,
Who thought it fit to condescend,
 To rhyme about the pumpkin.

For if I should, and he should see,
I fear he'd pumpkinize on me,
And then, alas! I'd doubtless be,
 Right glad to be a pumpkin.

For such a pumpkinizing head,
If so inclined, might raise the dead,
And make all living poets dread,
 The bard that's bred on pumpkins.

These Yankee boys, I've heard them say,
Are wondrous fellows in their way,
And cut and slash, and rip and slay—
 And eat the Yankee pumpkins.

Huzza, then, boys, for Yankee bards,
And Yankee softs, and Yankee hards;
'They all know how to cut their cards,
 And eat the Yankee pumpkins.

And he who undertakes to beat,
The Yankee boys, I'll bet a treat,
Will soon lose all his self-conceit,
 And feel as green's a pumpkin.

For let you go at what you will,
The Yankee boys will beat you still,
For if you roll them out a pill,
 They'll roll you out a pumpkin.

Or if you undertake the game,
Of beating them in classic fame,
They'll put your lofty lore to shame,
 With rhymes about the pumpkin.

And thus whate'er you undertake,
To beat them at, I'll buss a snake,
If you don't find them wide-awake,
 And pampered well on pumpkins.

THE TEAR OF SAD REGRET

(Written for a lady at her request).

I once was joyous, blithe and gay,
 No care was on my brow;
But oh, alas! how sad to say,
 What sorrows haunt me now!
Life's morning sun rose bright and clear,
 But ere it sinks to set,
It glimmers through the falling tear,
 The tear of sad Regret!

Sad changes came, and in my flight
 From Fortune's cruel curse,
I only leaped—alas! to light,
 In woes supremely worse!
The joys of early days are fled,
 My cheeks how oftimes wet!
Alas! I only live to shed,
 The tear of sad Regret!

I once had hope through happy life,
To live supremely blest,
And be the calm, contented wife
Of him I loved the best;
But, oh! how seldom do poor girls
Such joyous fortunes get;
And, O, what numbers shed like me,
The tear of sad Regret!

For fear of being poor old maids,
They wed whome'er they can,
And spend their lives not with their loves,
But merely with a man;
And when misfortunes make them poor,
And hungry children fret,
Hard is the fate which they endure,
With tears of sad regret!

“ GOD IS LOVE ”

“God is Love“ the bible tells us;
But if there's an endless hell,
God is *Hate*, would sound more truthful
And be using language well.

Tell me not that *love* could ever,
Build a place of endless pain,
Where poor suff'ring souls could never
Know one moment's peace again.

Tell me not that *love* or *justice*,
Either one would have it so;
Nothing but eternal *vengeance*,
E'er could build an endless woe. L

Pain, inflicted for discipline;
Woe, that works a final good;
Might comport with *love* and *justice*;
Endless torment never could.

Demons might endure a heaven,
Where the saved look down and see
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Damned through all eternity.

But, alas! poor human spirits
Could not bear such horrid bliss;
Souls redeemed would cry in anguish,
"Save us from such heav'n as this!"

Ask me not to seek a heaven,
Where the saved are doomed to see
Millions suff'ring endless torment;
Heav'n like this a hell would be.

"God is *love*"—we can't believe it,
If he causes endless woe;
Nothing but vindictive *vengeance*,
Could ordain it to be so.

BOTH OF ONE NOTION,—YES, LOVE, YES.

January 25, 1853.

A lad to his lassie once jestingly said,

“If I’d marry *you*, love, would you marry *me*?”

To which, with a negative shake of her head,

She answered most modestly—“*No-sir-ee!*”

“Then, faith,” said the laddy, “we’ll not disagree;

Two nearer one notion the world never knew,

For if you had put the same question to me,

I would have returned the same answer to you.”

“But, love, I was joking,” said she, with a smile;

“My head and my lips answered no, I confess,

But fondly, dear laddy, my heart all the while,

Was secretly answering, yes, love, yes!”

“Then, come, my dear lassie!” her lover replied,

“I, too, was but helping you jest, when I spoke

With my lips the false words which my heart still
denied—

O, love, aint you glad it was only a joke?”

THIS WORLD

This world is a world of pretension;
There's little reality here;
How many false things can we mention,
That are not the things they appear.

False teeth we put first on the docket;
False legs may come next on the list;
And next a false eye fills a socket,
And curls that are false kink and twist.

False breasts, too, are things that are common;
And even false calves on her legs,
Are worn to make up a false woman,
And give a false look to her pegs.

Then there are the business pretensions,
By which cunning rascals secure
Great wealth, while the honest and humble,
Are rendered dependent and poor.

For bottles of medicine, claiming
To be very certain to cure,
We pay out our money, to find that,
A fraud was the only thing sure.

And "last but not least" of pretensions,
Religious pretension comes in,
And spreads its gigantic dimensions,
To hide a whole Sodom of sin.

False pastors pretend to be Christians,
And feel a great love for the "Lamb";
But often their love is far greater,
For yellow-legged chickens and ham.

This world is a world of pretension;
Exceptions, however, there are;
And noble ones, too, we could mention;
But, O, they're exceedingly rare!

THE POOR MAN'S NIGHTLY MUSINGS IN DREARY WINTER

(In Scottish style.)

Cauld winter winds around me blaw,
And drive the chilly-drifting snaw,
Ben through the roof, and chinky wa'
Chill o'er my head;
While here I lie—a couch o' straw,
My humble bed.
O, ye, wha live in houses warm,
Well sheltered frae the houling storm,
And sleep on down, nor dreaan o' harm,
The cauldest night,
How wad ye bide misfortune's arm
In all her might.
Ah, Kings and Lords, ye little ken,
The trials o' your fellow men,

Who lost in poverty's dark den
And torches gon,
The dismal nooks, are gropeling ben,
Or wandering on,
Poor, hopeless wretches here we are,
Lost, lost, in depths of dark despair,
And breathing poverty's dense air,
In every breath,
And doomed to see the light nae mair
Perhaps, 'til death.
"O, death! the poor man's dearest friend;"
Welcome the hour my life shall end,
And, I on wings of love assend,
To worlds on high;
To dwell where sorrows never end,
Nor pleasures die.

WHO SEE CAN SAY

Men shut their eyes in church and pray,
And preach, and teach, but fail to say,
Just where it is dead people stay,
From death till resurrection-day.
We know the bodies they have shed,
Are in the graveyards lying dead;
That mould'ring there in silent clay,
Their *bodies* are; but where are *they*?
This question stares you in the face,
You ministers and men of grace,
Who for those living preach and pray,

And teach a resurrection day,
And gen'ral judgment, far away—
How far, alas, you never say.
A resurrection day, you tell,
And judgment day, and endless hell
Are all to be; but *where*, or *when*,
You say not; for “you dinna ken.”
You would-be guides in spiritual lore,
Pray, teach us less or tell us more;
You know so much, and yet so little,
Your teachings are not worth a tittle.

But they who have the “second sight”
Do watch “the death scene” without fright,
And see their dying dear ones shed,
And leave their earth-forms lying dead;
While they, themselves, freed from the clay,
With guardian spirits glide away,
To join some dear, congenial band,
Within the sun-bright spirit-land;
Fair land of never-ending day,
Within yon star-gemmed Milky-way.

FANNY FERN

O, Fanny Fern, thou pungent writer,
Thou artless, odd, offhand inditer;
What pen than thine e'er yet ran lighter,
Or ever will?
Or who makes animation brighter,
Shine through a quill?

Thy ready thoughts vivacious seem,
And from thy pen flow like a stream,
Whose crystal wavelets in the beam
 Of Phoebus bright.
Go dancing on with silvery gleam
 Of laughing light.

There's nothing studied in thy style;
Thy words come skelping, rank and file,
Yet wit and humor all the while
 Attendant shine,
And like gay waiting-maidens smile,
 In every line.

When thou shalt cross life's mystic bourne,
And we on earth thy loss shall mourn,
O, where, I ask, where shall we turn,
 In Adam's race,
To find another Fanny Fern,
 To fill thy place?

But long do thou, O, Death, forbear,
The mortal stroke, and kindly spare,

Our pride and pet, our joy and care,
 And kind concern,
That odd and artless writer rare,
 Our Fanny Fern.

TO JOHN G. SAXE

O, John G. Saxe, I scarce can tell,
How in the name of Saxe,
Your Pegasus performs so well,
In every race he takes.

He never takes a step amiss,
Nor hobbles as he runs;
And yet he's always stumbling on
The prettiest of puns.

He never wags or winds about,
Although his waggish wit,
Makes it a point each stanza not,
Still champing on the bit,

His course the flying courser keeps,
Still chomping on the bit,
And seems as he goes champing on,
The champion of wit.

And wheresoe'er his route may lay,
It seems his luck to rout,
Such quizzes, puns, hits, jests and flings,
As ne'er were flung about.

But there's an ancient proverb which,
We surely may indorse,
When speaking of a pegasus—
"The rider makes the horse."

In one sense they're all fancy stock,
But yours is, John, in speed,
Gait, carriage, beauty—everything,
A fancy horse indeed.

He's thorough-bred and thorough-fed,
And thorough-trained and tried;
And of each classic thoroughfare,
He is the pink and pride.

Or if he isn't, he ought to be,
And surely will be yet;
Such wit in rhyme, in course of time,
Great fame must surely get.

And when, O, Saxe, if not before,
Thou'st left these scenes below;
The trump of fame, will sound thy name,
From Maine to Mexico.

As when some patient fisherman,
All day attends his hook,
And gets no bite, but leaves at night,
His bait hang in the brook.

And lays his head low on his bed,
In dreams to spend the night,
The fish in schools, like human fools,
Flock round his hook and bite.

So with our books let's bait our hooks,
And drop our lines, dear John,
And leave our names to fish for fame,
When we are dead and gone.

TWO NEIGHBORS TALKING

I was working in a hollow,
Of an evening that was still;
And I heard two neighbors talking,
Just above me on the hill.

They were riding from the village,
And conversing on the route;
And it happened as they passed me,
It was me they talked about.

They did not know I heard them,
For they knew not I was there;
But I heard each word distinctly,
Through the stillness of the air.

And I got their full opinion,
Of my merits as a man;
For they talked about me freely,
As the conversation ran.

They spoke about my politics,
My poetry, and pelf;
And knew far more about me,
Than I knew about myself.

One said I made my riches—
Which I'm sure I don't possess—
By writing songs and stories,
And such items for the press.

The other said he wondered—
But I'm sure I wondered more;
To learn so much about myself,
I never knew before.

They spoke, too, of the apple trees,
And grape vines I'd put out;
And said I'd planted shade trees, too,
My door-yard all about.

I'd set a row of maples, too,
All 'round my orchard's edge,
And fixed up all the fences round,
'And planted out some hedge.

In short, I had been doing things,
Which everybody should;
But some they reckoned couldn't,
And some wouldn't if they could,

They spoke, too, of my morals,
My sobriety, and such;
And in their joint opinions,
I was elevated much.

They made some awful blunders,
But they hit it in the main;
So lumping all together,
I've no reason to complain.

TRUTH AND ERROR

(A Fable—Written in 1854) .

Young Truth and Old Error in old times, 'tis said,
One night at a tavern both slept in one bed,
(This language is right as I honestly hold,
For Truth is immortal, and never gets old;
While Error—in other words, fiction, or lie,
Is mortal, gets old and must finally die);
And early next morning Old Error arose,
And, error-like, bless you, crawled into Truth's
clothes.

And, prone to mistake, when he saw in the mirror,
Himself in good clothes, made a still greater error,
By taking it into his erring old head,
That Truth had got up and left Error in bed;
And that he, himself, was the excellent youth,
The spotless, immortal, infallible Truth.
Thus puffed up, old Error then stumbled down-
stairs,
And stalked through the bar-room with bigoted
airs.

The landlord—like most other landlords, forsooth—
Seeing naught but his clothes, said, "Good morning,
good Truth;"

And then introduced him to all who were present,
With gestures and smiles most exquisitely pleas-
ant;

And all, save a thinking old skeptic, looked wise,
Believing the landlord had opened their eyes,
And gave them a kind introduction to Truth—

In visage a vet'ran, in dress quite a youth;
Whose features and name seemed but illy to suit,
Which made the old skeptic beg leave to dispute
His right to the good appellation he bore,
And coolly observed that the clothes which he wore
Might not be his own; but, alack, O, alack!
Poor skeptic straightway had the crowd on his
back;

And such a tongue-lashing the poor fellow got,
As almost consigned him to hell on the spot.
For there was a pious old priest in the room,
Whose face was as long and as dark as the gloom
Of that long, cheerless night which is known at the
Poles,

When Terra for months hides the sun as he rolls;
Besides, there was Error, himself, and a crowd
Of boarders, and trav'lers, all jab'ring aloud,
While the pious old priest warned the old heretic,
Of his danger of being consigned to Old Nick.
While thus down below went this state of affairs,
Poor Truth had aroused from his slumber up-stairs
And found, luckless youth, all his own garments
fled,

And Error's old duds lying there in their stead.
'By Judas,' said Truth, 'since I'm treated so mean,
I'll walk the streets naked, before I'll be seen
In Error's black, dirty, stale, greasy old duds,
More fit to make soap than to soak in the suds!'
So, naked as nature, down-stairs went the youth,
(And here was where started the phrase "Naked
Truth")

In search of his clothes, and inquiring for Error;
But all whom he met looked personified Terror;
And every one thought he was on the wrong track;
And some even told him he'd better go back;
And some sent him this way, and some that way
sent,
But none told correctly which way Error went;
And a certain old saint, whom he met in the hall,
Said he had not seen Error that morning at all;
And the pious old priest, the self-righteous old elf,
Grunted gravely to Truth, "You are Error your-
self,
For no one but Error would ever be found,
Thus basely and nakedly wandering round."
But just at this moment in came the old skeptic,
(Whose stomach was rather too weak and dys-
peptic
To swallow the dogmas of old Superstition,
For which he was doomed by the priests to perdi-
tion),
And, seeing the youth standing naked before him,
A kind-hearted feeling of pity came o'er him;
And thus he remarked (while the priest turned
away,
Conceiving it almost indecent to stay
With two such unchristianized sinners as they):
"Thy form, and thy features are, truly, fair youth,
So true I could almost receive thee as Truth;
And much am I sorry to see thee expose
Thy bare skin to bigots, who turn up their nose,
And flee thee, as though thou wert something in-
decent,

As we have just seen, in a case very recent."

"'Tis sad to go naked," said Truth, "I must own,
But Error has taken my garments and flown."

"Aye, aye," said the skeptic, "I saw him, I'll bet;
And, seeing his coat seemed but illy to set,
I coolly observed, in a skeptical tone,
That the clothes which bedecked him might not
be his own.

But, Lord, man! the priest on my insolence fell,
And the crowd cried 'Amen', while he preached me
to hell."

"Thus goes it forever with me and with those
Who strive to befriend me, or dare to expose
The faults of old Error," said Truth in reply;
"But mark you, kind stranger, no use to deny,
Old Error is mortal, and some day must die;
But I am immortal; howe'er they annoy me,
Oppose, or abuse me, they ne'er can destroy me."
Thus having remarked, he continued his search
For Error, and found him, at last, at the church,
Stuck up in the pulpit, besides an old priest,
Whose fate was as long as his sermons, at least.
Yea, there sat Old Error, and still now and then,
To sanction the sermon, he'd cry out "Amen."
But which did the most for the sinner's salvation,
Old Error's amens or the words of damnation
Proclaimed by the preacher, were hard to deter-
mine,

But right in the midst of the soul-saving sermon,
In came naked Truth; but so light was his tread,
And so fixed were all eyes on the pulpit, 'tis said,

That his presence among them by no one was seen
Untill he arose in the pulpit, between
The priest and old Error, and told them his name,
(But no one belived him), for what he thus came,
And why he was naked, and who had his clothes;
But when he had ended old Error arose,
And boldly asserted, the ugly old elf,
That Truth was not Truth, but that he was him-
self;

And here there arose between him and the youth
A rigid dispute, claiming each to be Truth.
But soon the old priest, being sorely afraid,
That some of his flock might believe what was said
By Truth, interfered, and assuming the right
Of judging between them, in equity's spite,
Decided, with positive airs, that the youth
Had no right nor claim to the title of Truth;
And that the vile dog who would come and lay
claim

To the clothes of a veteran, and even his name,
Deserved to be roasted in hell's hottest flame:
While for his opinion to show their respect,
"Amen," in their pews cried the godly 'elect.'
Truth, finding himself thus surrounded by foes,
Was forced to depart without getting his clothes;
And as he departed, each bigot arose
And gave him a kick, and a few pious blows;
And thus friendless Truth, finding no restitution,
Went through the ordeal of Church persecution.
He next went to court to recover his clothes,
But, finding the judge and the jury all foes,

His suit he withdrew, and in friendless despair
Went wandering about through the world here and
there,

Still sadly mistreated and spurned everywhere.
At length one fine evening, a village church bell
Rang loudly for sinners, who came at its knell,
To hear themselves doomed to an unending hell;
And to learn from the priest that their horrible
sentence,

Was not for their sins, but their vile non-repent-
ance;
That God would be pleased to save all men—but
don't,

And could if he would, but for all that he won't;
And to hear the good priest—which is funnier still,
First preach, that he won't, and then pray that he
will,

And in the next breath deal damnation, undaunted
To all who believe that this prayer will be granted;
And next warn the people 'tis dangerous to touch
That vile 'unbelief' which believes over much;
And that it is dangerous, heretic treason,
Against the good kingdom, to exercise reason;
While laymen, with eyes shut, and mouths open
wide,

Receive, like young robbins, and swallow with pride
Whatever his rev'rence may choose to provide;
While he, the old robin, takes wonderful care
To feed them on "hell," "faith," "repentence" and
"pray'r,"

"Original sin" and a "personal devil,"

Who is to Jehovah a rival co-eval,
And is of all evil the king and primeval—
Or would be, I mean, if he were not a myth,
An empty, big nothing, with no point or pith,
A fabulous fiction, invented of old—
How lies are believed, when they'r long enough
told!
As I said, the bell rang, and the house was soon
crammed,
With sinners, all eager to hear themselves damn'd;
And Truth unobserved, entered in as before,
And, taking a seat on a bench near the door,
Sat list'ning intent to the sanctified sermon,
And trying, meanwhile, if he could, to determine
Which sect of the whole goodly number it was
That owed to the speaker the greatest applause;
For, first preaching this way, and then preaching
that,
Poor Truth could not tell what the deuce he was at.
But at length he essayed to make matters more
plain,
And to show that we all must be babies again,
Undergo the "new birth" and be "dipped" in the
creek,
And a few other dodges to baffle Old Nick,
The horrid old hound who is aye on our track,
And trying to catch us—alack! O, alack!
What horrid inventions, and stories he told,
To frighten the straying ones into the fold!
At length when the preacher grew warm and de-
vout,

Truth sprang to his feet, clapped his hands and
cried out:

“Hurrah, my good fellow! your butter and bread,
Depends on the number of proselytes made;
Strive hard, then, your dear little flock to increase;
The greater the number, the greater your fleece.
Look well to those wild ones that wander at large,
Outside of the line of your pastoral charge;
Your shepherd dog, Satan, is dreadfully ‘feared,’
So use him to frighten them in to be sheared;
And still while you’re clipping them closely and
well,

Keep up a terrific harrangue about ‘hell;’
And thus by excitement, and noise in their ears,
Prevent them from hearing the sound of the shears.
For if they discover you’re after the pay,
And that you are not a whit better than they
Who mind their own business, and go their own
way.

They’ll flee from your kind ministerial charge,
And roam o’er the plains of sweet freedom at large.
And, instead of your grieving for sinners, as now,
You’ll then grieve to think you must follow the
plow,

And in fields ‘earn your bread by the sweat of your
brow.”

Thus spake naked Truth, fixing sternly his eye
On the pair in the pulpit, who were, by the by,
The priest and his prompter, old Error, forsooth,
Still passing himself for infallible Truth,
By wearing his garb and assuming his name,

And cheating poor Truth out of fortune and fame.
But Truth now began on old Error, and told
How Error had served him in ages of old,
And how he had cheated him out of his name,
His clothes and his credit, friends, fortune and fame.
And how they'd disputed whenever they met;
And that he had never been able to get
His rights, on account of the priests, who were able
To live on old Error, and feast at his table.
But the priest and old Error now both took the
floor,

And a lot of exhorters, and such an uproar
Of venomous tongue-lashing never did pour
On any unfortunate devil before.
As Truth now received for his impudent speech,
For daring the clerical saints to impeach;
And lastly, and vilest of all, in the end,
Accusing the priest's worthy prompter and friend,
Of doing what any good saint 'neath the sun,
Could testify freely he never had done,
If brought into court as a witness to swear,
Without any knowledge about the affair;
For saints of small knowledge are sure to know
more,

Than scholarly men with a great deal of lore;
Blind ignorance oft can true learning out boast,
And he who knows least can oft swear to the most;
And bigots ne'er *think*, but are certain they *know*
That matters are verily just thus and so.
And hence the hard lot of the poor naked youth;
For the bigots all knew he was lying, forsooth,

And long-faced old Error was telling the truth.
And so 'twas determined by all the devout,
That Truth must be, somehow or other, put out;
But times were not now as they used to be quite,
And physical force would be thought impolite;
So how to get rid of a chap so unruly,
Was hard for those undersized saints to see, truly;
But whispers went 'round, and 'twas soon the conclusion,
To fall on the plan of Revival Confusion;
And so the good priest fell to storming and thumping,
And shouters by scores began ranting and jumping,
And clapping their hands; while the rest fell to groaning,
Exhorting and praying, and singing and moaning,
And calling down blessings, while still now and then,
Old Error kept crying, "Bless God!" and "Amen!"
And thus they kicked up such confusion and dust,
That Truth left the church in desponding disgust,
And wandered away to the woodlands so green,
Where wild birds were singing, and all was serene;
And where in the calm of the soft vernal season,
He met and communed with fair nature and reason.
In these he found friends so sincere and true-hearted,
That since they have ne'er from each other been parted;
Nor e'er disagreed in the doctrines they taught—
To which man has never lent ear as he ought,

But always made gods and religions of art,
Distorted and fashioned to suit his own heart,
Which was so depraved in its tastes and emotions,
That nothing could suit it but fabulous notions—
A crucified God, and victorious Devil,
The downfall of good, and the triumph of evil,
A populous Hell, and a pitiful Heaven,
Good, honest men damned, and bad sinners forgiven.

But man is progressing, thank God, and each day,
Is slowly dissolving old dogmas away.
So let us be doing whatever we can
To learn the true God, and to live the true man;
To "cease to do evil, and learn to do well,"
And ascend the true Heaven from out the false
Hell.

LETTER TO LYDIA HUNTLEY,
SIGOURNEY

Hartford, Conn., April 10, 1858.

My Dear Sir:

Your "John Anderson" is beautiful. It has the true Scotch simplicity. If you have more such poems, I hope you will collect and publish them without delay. It is not necessary to wait for what you mention, "the opinions of poets and poetesses."

I have long thought that the true harp of the country would be struck where her heart most freely beats, in the far, green west. Are you a native of Iowa? It is quite a favorite state with me.

Respectfully,

L. H. Sigourney.

LETTER TO LYDIA HUNTLEY
SIGOURNEY

Madam: I got the lines you sent,
And deem them quite a compliment;
Your seeming hint that humble I
May be the bard Dame Fortune's die,
Decrees to guide the minstrel hand,
That wakes the true harp of our land,
Is, coming from so high a source,
No common compliment of course.

But ah, dear Madam, if you knew,
The adverse ways I've traveled through
E'er since my birth, your heart would ache,
And sorrow for my muse's sake.
For truly I was lowly born
And bred in fields of wheat and corn,
Where plows and hoes and reaping hooks,
Were in these hands far more than books;
And where, alas, how poor my chance,
In erudition to advance.

'Twas there among Coshocton's hills,
Wild rocky dells and rippling rills,
Mid nature's wildest, rudest scenes,
The muse first taught me in my teens,
The art of giving vent in song
To thoughts and feelings rising strong.
There grew I up to manhood's date,
In what is called the Buckeye state,
Then thought it best to immigrate
To Iowa, and since the year
Of forty-two or somewhere near,
Have plowed and hoed and scribbled here.

O, could you but in fancy view,
The wild adventures I've been through,
Here in Iowa's wild domains,
While yet the Red Man roamed the plains,
And howling wolves, in hungry plight,
With horror filled the gloom of night;
And, Madam, didst thou ever hear
The wild wolf's howl? If not thine ear

May well be glad, for O, that sound!
'Tis dread, horrific, deep, profound,
Grim, sullen, lonely, mournful, low,
Distresing, horrid, awful, oh!
It seems in very voice and breath,
The midnight wail of wandering death.

But, Madam, as to your advice,
Which is, indeed, most truly nice,
I am not yet prepared to say,
What I shall do, perhaps I may
Permit my poems to appear,
And tempt the cruel critic's sneer;
Whose envious soul delights to rend,
And mangle what he cannot mend.
O, how shall I evade his hammer,
And how appease the God of grammar,
For violations of his rules,
And broken mandates of the schools?
Great shade of Homer, rise and say,
How many oxen I must slay,
What grateful incense must arise,
To reconcile this god precise?

Farewell, farfamed and noble matron,
Would I could also call you patron,
A wild, hesperian, unlearned bard,
Whose chance through life has aye been hard,
Subscribes himself with kind regard,
And feelings most devout and fervent,
Your sincere friend and humble servant.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 20, 1858.

LETTER FROM LYDIA HUNTLEY
SIGOURNEY

Hartford, July 3, 1858.

My Dear Sir:

I was much pleased with the ingenuity of your letter in rhyme, and with the sketches of personal history which it felicitously embodied. It arrived just after my departure on a southern tour and though it was forwarded to me with many others, yet the two months spent in the cities of Washington, Baltimore and New York, allowed of only such fragmentary time for the use of the pen, that I brought home with me multitudes of unanswered epistles, among which was your own. I trust you will accept these circumstances as explanatory of a silence which might otherwise possibly wear the aspect of neglect.

Your poetry is more interesting to me, and doubtless will be to many others, from having taken root in adversity; if that condition which enforces the industrious use of the hands can be justly called adversity. You will perceive that it creates a stronger resemblance to that Caledonian bard, of one of whose sweetest effusions you have undoubtedly produced the best parody. Still let no peculiarity of position, prevent you from cultivating with all the care in your power, the gift that has been entrusted to you, and making it the vehicle of right thoughts and hallowed feelings.

Trusting you may be induced to think it best

at a proper season to publish a volume of your poems, and continuing also to cherish an interest in your welfare,

I remain,

Truly your friend,

L. H. S.

LETTER TO LYDIA HUNTLEY
SIGOURNEY

My Dear Madam:

Your letter of July the third,
Came duly, but upon my word,
Crowding events of busy life,
And sickness of myself and wife,
Have rendered it beyond my power,
To answer till the present hour:
And even now I feel so frail,
I'm very fearful I shall fail,
In penning ought worth your perusing
Or even worthy your excusing.
But when you write to me so pleasant,
A poor, illiterate, humble peasant,
And show such noble, kind regard
For an unknown, unhonored bard,
'Twould seem ungrateful not to try,
To scribble something in reply;
For nothing in my estimation,
Looks worse in man, whate'er his station,

Or more deserves the detestation,
Of all who are refined and good,
Than heartless, cold ingratitude.

Your letter, my respected friend,
Is beautiful from end to end,
And seems to indicate a mind,
In love with all that's good and kind,
Frank, honest, noble and refined.
O, how delightful 'tis to know,
That there are mortals here below,
In this sad world of sin and woe,
Of whom we may with conscience clear,
Thus warmly speak and be sincere.
How cheering 'tis, kind Madam, too,
To find, as I have found in you,
A friend whose friendship must endure,
Because it is unbought and pure,
And questions not if rich or poor,
But rises from a kind desire,
To lift a lowborn genius higher.

But as I'm now in poor condition,
For good poetic composition,
I'll plague you at the present time,
No further with indifferent rhyme,
But close impressed with the intention,
If providence sends no prevention,
Of trying when my health gets better,
To send you a more worthy letter.

Meantime if it should please your mind,
When you a leisure moment find,
To drop a line 'twould much delight,
The rustic, muse-enamored wight,
Who begs your pardon for the present,
For having sent you naught more pleasant,
And for your weal with prayers fervent,
Subscribes himself

Your friend and servant.

Aug. 2d, 1858.

LETTER TO LYDIA HUNTLEY, SIGOURNEY

Dear Madam:

Much esteemed and noble woman,
All we promise we should do;
Hence the lowly poet-yeoman
Sits him down to write to you.

Now my health is somewhat better,
Joys have come and sorrows past;
Here, then, comes that worthier letter
Which I promised in my last.

Life with me has had its share of
Frowning fortune's cup of gall;
Still I have not been aware of
Much unhappiness withal.

Time may bring us joys and sorrows,
Fortune's tide may ebb and flow;
Dark todays and bright tomorrows,
Clouds and sunshine come and go.

Yet with all life's tribulations,
Frankly it must be confessed;
That whate'er our lot or station,
Innocence is always blest.

Though our lot be e'er so lowly,
If our hearts are free from guile;
And our wishes pure and holy,
We have aye some cause to smile.

Lo, yon inoffensive neighbor,
Innocent, but poor and old;
See him tottering to his labor,
Day by day through heat and cold.

While without life's storms are bringing,
Round his ears horrific din,
Yet his tranquil soul is singing
Songs of heavenly peace within.

Then behold his rich employer,
Counting o'er his heaps of gold;
See him in yon artful lawyer,
Who for gain his conscience sold.

While without all warm and sunny
Seems his life, deep sense of sin,
Joined to sordid love of money,
Makes all cold and dark within.

Where a murdered conscience springing,
Pale and ghostlike from its tomb,
Haunts his midnight pillow, bringing
Sleepless hours of quiet gloom.

Thus the poor but honest yeoman,
With his hard and homely fare,
May be, though a toilworn plowman,
Happier than the millionaire.

When his daily toils are ended,
And his nightly couch is pressed,
Smiling conscience, unoffended,
Troubles not his peaceful rest.

Calm he lies and sleeping sweetly,
Rests his weary limbs till day;
Rising then, refreshed completely,
Toil seems almost turned to play.

Thus when fortune frowns severest
On the poor but honest wight,
Life is oftimes sweetest, dearest,
Fullest of serene delight.

'Tis not riches, 'tis not learning,
'Tis not fame that makes us blessed;
Naught can brighten life's sojourning,
Like a conscience unoppressed.

But, dear friend, my lease of leisure
Now is up, and I must end,
Hoping you may find some pleasure
In these simple lines I've penned.

Longer I cannot address you,
Business calls and I must cease;
Farewell, lady, heaven bless you
With contentment, joy and peace.
Oskaloosa, Iowa, Feb. 19, 1859.

Burlington, Vt., May 3, 1858.

Dear Sir:

I had already read your "John Anderson." It is excellent; if your pure English poems are as good as this bit of Scottish minstrelsy, I am sure you will find readers.

As to making a book—don't trust your friends, trust yourself, sooner; but trust a good publisher sooner than anybody else. Any bibliopole who does much in the verse line, knows the public taste, the state of the market "and a' that" better than all the world beside.

Yours truly,

JOHN G. SAXE.

Geo. W. Seevers, Esq.

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